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III

Memorial Sketch

OF

THEODA DAVIS FOSTER BUSH

BY

HER HUSBAND

With an Introduction by Rev. Edward E. Hale, D.D.

BOSTON
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INTRODUCTION.

My dear Friend,—

I am glad, indeed, that you have overcome the natural hesitation about turning over old papers, and have arranged for us this very interesting history of our dear friend. I think you hardly know, after the work of condensing and abridging, how much you have given us; for, from some experience, I know how much you must have had to leave out.

The whole period of Mrs. Bush's life, as New England and the neighborhood of New England saw it, makes a very interesting study; and I do not see how that study can be carried out in any way so interesting as in that which traces it along the line of a life so strong and admirable as hers. Your book and her experience at once suggest that admirable study which Mrs. Leslie made of Mrs. Lyman's life. The moment we read that we said, "Why has no one else done the same thing?" And now you have done it; and I am sure we are all greatly indebted to you for letting us see the result.

Do you know, I cannot recall the first time that I saw her. It seems to me as if I had always known her. I do not believe that she ever seemed to me a stranger. You have done full justice to that tenderness and cordiality with which she welcomed a newcomer into the circle, so large, of her friends. I suppose all this belonged to the entire unselfishness of her life and spirit. Not only did she obey Saint Paul, and not think of herself more highly than she ought to think, but she did not think of herself at all. She entered into life as a person whose nature as well as her business was to make life pleasant and profitable to the people whom she met. If she could help them, that was enough: it seemed to be a matter of indifference what became of her.

It would not do for me even to try to tell you stories about the way in which I have seen her come to the rescue of people who

without her would have been very uncomfortable. Perhaps they were strangers or perhaps they were shy. For one reason or another they were ill at ease until she took them in hand; and instantly the spell was upon them, and they felt that they were as good as anybody else. Very likely they took the turn of patronizing her, for which she would be utterly indifferent. As I say, I do not think you can speak too highly of this social quality which did so much to make your house the happy home which it was for every one.

You and I have lived to see the Unitarian statement accepted in many quarters where it was formerly not even heard; and in our time the working religion of most people is substantially based on the principles which, when Mrs. Bush was young, were pretty boldly controverted. It seems to me that this gives, for young people especially, a certain interest in tracing along her life at periods when a religious statement — so familiar to the world now — had in many circles an aspect of novelty. In a certain fashion one reads such a life as we read a good picture of the life of any early Christian. I have been glad to see, therefore, that, in making these selections from her letters and diaries, you recognize that peculiarity of the time; for I really think it important to our young people to know how the general liberality of religious sentiment in all communions of New England was born into New England experience.

I am very much interested in those of her letters and conversations which show the range of her reading. Had she chosen to take the turn of suggesting to young people what they had better read and how they had better read it, I think we should have had a book, or books, of permanent value. By this I mean that I think she looked upon things from that higher plane which belongs to morals, and did not annoy herself much by the mere literary or intellectual complications of what she read. Thoroughly trained as she was, she would have been as good a literary critic as the best of them; but that was not her affair. What interested her in a book was its real purpose and the extent to which that purpose was carried out. And it was always interesting to me to know how a book impressed her on that very account. After I had talked with her, I had good authority for saying

whether a book had any positive and permanent value or were simply a book of the day or year.

I do not suppose that you yourself have any idea of the character of the hospitality of your own home. You had as much to do with it as she had, and it seemed to you a perfect matter of course. But I can tell you, what it is well that you should know, that there were very few such homes, and are very few such homes. Her personal interest in your affairs — that is to say, in the business of a working minister, which means the business of a very large circle of people — was evident to every one. In the indifference to herself, of which I spoke just now, she was able to take a living interest, not fussy nor annoying, in the affairs of Medfield or Needham or wherever you might happen to be. It was always very interesting, therefore, to talk with her on the larger side of our professional life; and there was no person whose impression or suggestion in such things I was more glad to get at, when I had the good luck to meet her. I am disposed to think that to the last moment of her life she and I always talked of such larger things. We both took it for granted that the weather would be right, and that we need not spend much time on the detail of that particular day; and it was almost a matter of course that, if you were talking with her, you were talking on one of the larger subjects of human life,— that is to say, of divine life.

I am tempted to go a good deal farther, and to give you some of my notions of the good which the biography of such a person may do, when it is as well planned as this book. But I will spare you now, reserving what I want to say about that to some time when we can have a long talk together. Meanwhile, I shall be very glad if in any way I can introduce the book to readers, and especially to young readers. I value her so much that I am glad to have anybody else learn to value her in the same way.

E. E. Hale.

I.

EARLY YEARS.

THEODA DAVIS FOSTER was born in Boston, Mass., Dec. 2, 1811. Her father was John Standish Foster, the son of the Rev. John Foster, D.D., the respected minister of the First Church, Brighton, Mass. He married the daughter of Grant Webster, an esteemed merchant of Boston. She was a woman of unusual intellectual ability, and wrote "The Coquette; or, The Life and Letters of Eliza Wharton," a novel which in its day excited a wide-spread interest and passed through a large number of editions. There were three other children besides Theoda's father,— Eliza, Harriet, and Hannah. The first married Dr. Frederick Cushing, the second Mr. Edward Cheney, and the third Mr. J. T. Barrett. The last died before Theoda's marriage. Theoda's mother was Theoda Williams Bartlett, the daughter of John Bartlett, a widely beloved and highly esteemed physician of Roxbury. She had two sisters: Julia, who married a well-known Boston merchant, Thomas Hill; and Ann Matilda, who married Edward Brinley. There were also two brothers, both of whom died young. The immediate family besides Theoda, who was the eldest, were Hannah Barrett, who married Elliot E. Kellogg, George Bartlett, who married Fannie Frasier, and Redford. The latter died early in life, and George a short time after he began practice as physician in Chicago, Ill.

Theoda was highly favored in her parentage. Her mother was marked for her intelligence, sweetness, refinement, and grace. In character she was the true lady, and threw over her home and social intercourse a beauty of soul which left its impress on all who knew her. Theoda's father was also a man of refinement and intellectual culture. He was fond of reading, and his deportment was that of a gentleman. At several periods of his life, for business reasons, the family was separated; and his letters written at that time reveal the yearnings of a man of affection for his home and loved ones. The character of both parents was rooted in deep religious principles. By precept and example they strove to impress their children with the fact that the true nobility of life was based on a love of truth, sincerity of heart, unswerving integrity, and thoughtfulness for others. Both parents were trained under the influence of Unitarian Christianity, so that the brightness, elevation, and beauty of that faith created the atmosphere which the children breathed, and which gave to the two daughters, as they grew to the prime of life, the strength, grace, and charm of their womanhood.

The first years of Theoda's life were spent in Boston. She was vivacious and sprightly. The fondness of parental love could discern no remarkable indications, and her teachers complained that she lacked in concentration. The letters of her father show the care, forethought, and solicitude he had both in the training of her mind and the growth of her character. He made the most minute arrangements with her first teacher, Mrs. Cook, not only in relation to her lessons, but with

reference to the children she chose as companions. He adopted a plan of rewards and punishments mentioned by Babington, which, he says, "will bring the whole course of her conduct under my semi-monthly inspection." He expresses the hope that at some time he may have the pleasure of personally superintending the education of her mental powers, "not that I think them superior, but I doubt not they are sufficient to repay the toil of cultivation and make her a useful member of society." Her mother in one of her letters writes, "Your father used to say of you, 'Her excessive irritability on the least opposition gives me a deal of trouble; but I hope judicious management and the self-regulation which she sees me constantly imposing upon myself will give a favorable turn to her mind and enable her to subdue it.'" Again, the father writes, "Theoda was a good girl yesterday, attentive and negligent, studious and thoughtless, affectionate and indifferent, and twenty other things, all in a minute." A month later he adds: "Theoda is with me. She is an excellent girl, perfectly manageable and attentive. True, she took but three steps in ascending a flight of stairs and but two in going through the entry; but a word or a look would control her wildest flight." A year later he writes to his daughter: "I wish anxiously for your mental improvement; and, as you mention your temper, I will add that your improvement in this respect is much nearer to my heart. It is well to have a cultivated mind; but, without undervaluing this, permit me to remind you that your happiness and usefulness are much more dependent on well-regulated feelings and desires. Learn, therefore, to subdue the first ris-

ings of anger, and never be petulant, far less sullen." Soon after this he says in a letter to his wife, "She is coming to a trying age to herself and me, throwing off the child, and prematurely, too, from the great *activity* of her mind, and evinces very discriminating powers in everything, and promises on the whole a good deal for the future, if my life is prolonged and the blessings of Providence smile on my labors."

The only schools which Theoda attended during her childhood besides Mrs. Cook's were those taught by Miss Dorothea Dix and William B. Fowle. Both of these teachers made a permanent impression upon her, and she always kept the memory of them fresh and abiding. The name of Miss Dix was associated with her latest days. The last effort she made which required special intellectual exertion was a letter she wrote at the request of another to furnish facts in relation to her former teacher. These were used by the author in her sketch of the life and character of this eminent philanthropist. Mr. Fowle was also a life-long friend of the family; and Theoda, in her care and solicitude for her sister, began a correspondence with her old teacher: "You know not, my dear sir, what a comfort it is to us to feel that our little Hannah is with you! God grant that she may improve aright the advantages she has! May she not be compelled by thoughtlessness and levity to look back, as I do, with regret to misspent hours and unimproved opportunities! She is giddy, as I was; but she is placed younger under your care, and will, I trust, feel her orphan state an incentive to exertion and improvement. For George we have many an anxious thought; but he

is a good boy now, and he looks so much like his father that it seems impossible that he should make other than a good man. If he is like him in character, he will be, indeed, a comfort to us. He goes to school to our Unitarian clergyman, and learns very readily."

Years after she writes from Montreal, "My delight in receiving a few kind words from you was quite as great as when I first left school, and the remembrance of your unremitting kindness and patience with all my perverseness has left an impression neither time nor the varying events of my life can lessen."

In the spring of 1827, Mr. Foster went to Burlington, Vt., to engage in the manufacture of glass. Burlington at this time was one of the most attractive inland towns of New England. Situated on a rising slope from the lovely Lake of Champlain, with the Green Mountains on the east and the Adirondacks on the west, its natural position gave its surrounding scenery beauty, variety, and grandeur. As then there were no railroad connections either with Boston or New York, the town was the centre of a local trade which gave it a commercial importance and brought considerable wealth. The college officers and students imparted an additional intellectual tone to social life. All these circumstances made Burlington a charming place of residence. Theoda as a girl of sixteen threw herself with all her spirit into this new life, and enjoyed it intensely. Within a few years she had rapidly developed in character. Her vivacity, grace, and affability made her a welcome companion. She was fond of reading, and delighted in free out-of-door exercise, especially that of riding on horseback. Her own home

was the centre of refinement and culture, and rich with the wealth of true domestic love. There was a large circle of young people just coming out in society about her own age. The heartiness of social intercourse charmed her. Though her life was joyous, her gayety was tempered by a thoughtfulness for others and faithfulness to duty. The comfort of those at home was always foremost in her mind. She became interested in the Unitarian Church; and, under the preaching of Dr. Ingersol, her early religious impressions grew into fixed convictions and firm principles, and became the shaping force in her future life.

We give in this connection a letter written by one of her intimate companions and life-long friends: —

[*Letter from Mrs. Alfred Brookes.*]

When Theoda came to Burlington, she was about sixteen, a beautiful girl and attractive as in later life, full of spirits, vivacity, and fun. Nothing in the way of amusement was quite complete unless she was with us. She was tall, had a beautiful complexion, good figure, and was graceful. Horseback riding was her favorite amusement; and in those early days we went out with parties of ten or twelve, gentlemen and ladies, in which she was belle,— a fine and fearless rider. Her life was very happy the six years she lived in Burlington; and it was a terrible disappointment to her mother and self when Mr. Foster decided to leave their pleasant home and friends so congenial, and go into a wilderness, where there was not a family within fifteen or twenty miles to associate with, no society and no roads. They went there on horseback. As through life duty was her watchword, she accepted the change without a murmur.

She made the sacrifice for her father and mother without a word of regret for all she relinquished. The same lovely spirit of cheerfulness and self-sacrifice which characterized her through life she had then, and devoted herself to making home happy. Her friends wondered how she could be so contented with a life so opposite to anything she had ever known. But her devotion to her parents was her first thought. I was married the year after they left Burlington, and except occasional letters knew or saw little of her for some years. The year she first came and passed the winter with me in New York I cannot at all remember, but should say from 1845 to 1848. I think she was with me two winters, two or three years apart. Wherever she went, she was a general favorite. Father Brookes (Jonathan Brookes) took a special fancy to her, which continued through his life. She had great adaptability to old or young, entering into everything going on and doing more for the success and pleasure it might be — a social gathering, a dance, or theatrical entertainment — than any one else. I much regret destroying so many old letters I had kept for years, as they would have brought to mind many events of interest in her life which are now quite forgotten.

Theoda's father moved from Burlington to Redford, about twenty-five miles from Plattsburg, and in 1833 established what was then known as the Redford Glass Company. The family lived in a log-house in the heart of the wilderness. But she was always a stranger to the feeling of loneliness and passionately fond of nature, so the simplicity and grandeur of her surroundings interested her. She entered with zest and real enjoyment into her every-day life. On her favorite horse, followed by her faithful dog, she would gallop through

the woods. At one time she and her father took a week's journey on horseback. She delighted, also, with her trusted dog, to stroll along the forest paths and to pick ferns and wild flowers. But most of her time was spent in domestic duties, and in the evening she would read aloud. Thus the time sped. The family remained here only two years, and then moved to Redwood, near Ogdensburg, where her father established the Cylinder Glass Company, and remained there till his death in 1839.

It was during her residence near Plattsburg that Miss Foster met Margaret M. Davidson. They were alike in so many respects that their fresh hearts were soon knit into an enthusiastic friendship. Both were highly poetical and imaginative, and deeply susceptible to the beauties of nature. Margaret thus describes her home and its surroundings: "There stood on the banks of the Saranac a small, neat cottage, which peeped forth from the surrounding foliage, the image of rural quiet and contentment. An old-fashioned piazza extended along the front, shaded by vines and honeysuckles. The turf on the bank of the river was of the richest and brightest emerald; and the wild rose and sweetbrier which twined over the neat enclosure seemed to bloom with more delicate freshness and perfume within the bounds of this earthly paradise. The scenery around was wildly yet beautifully romantic: the clear, blue river, glancing and sparkling at its feet, seemed only as a preparation for another and more magnificent view, where the stream, gliding on to the west, was buried in the broad white bosom of Champlain, which stretched back, wave after wave, in the

distance, until lost in faint, blue mists that veiled the sides of its guardian mountains, seeming more lovely from their indistinctness."

Washington Irving says that Margaret entered little into the amusements of the few children with whom she associated, but sought the conversation of persons of maturer age and mind. Miss Foster was much her senior, yet with congenial tastes and traits. They would stroll along the wood paths or sit on the mossy banks of the stream, and repeat poetry, chat about books, revel in fancy story-telling, and enjoy with vivid delight the wild and picturesque scenery around them. Their intimacy can be seen from the following letter: —

[*Margaret Davidson to Miss Foster.*]

SATURDAY, December 27.

My dear Miss Foster,— You say that I have been a very naughty girl to forget you or my promise of writing. But I did not forget you. I only delayed writing. I often thought, What will Miss Foster say because I do not write to her? . . . I should like to come and take a "bo-peep" at you, and see how you look with your new carpet of snow. Do you go sleigh-riding much at any time? I believe that you prefer riding on horseback. You mention our walks, and bring me a message from my subjects at the brook,— "Hearken ye, my people, saith the queen."

The queen of the mossy banks and fairy isles listens to you. Your pardon is granted on one condition, and upon that one only. I appoint the Lady Theoda my regent until I return to my villa in the spring; and, when I arrive, I shall take the golden reins of government into my own hands, and who can guide them better? "This for the

queen." . . . We are to have a fair for the benefit of the infant school; and all the societies, and everybody who feels disposed,— in short, the whole city,— are employed in making things for the sale. I am knitting some long things which, I believe, the common people call their garters. We are all very desirous to see you here in Troy. Cousin Sarah and aunt send their compliments, and I add my love. "Baisez George pour moi." Excuse all mistakes, as I am young in French. *Votre amie.*

Mrs. Bush thus writes in her journal of Irving's "Life of Margaret Davidson": —

A sweet strain of music without one discord. The history of a pure streamlet untroubled by the mud and pebbles of this life. Who could so well paint such a character of Margaret Davidson as Irving, who knows and respects the female sex, whose women are true women, full of the noblest impulses and governed by high principle? She was truly lovely, and this memoir is so arranged as to give it all her charms. Her mother has portrayed her child with all a mother's fondness and truth and with the poet's language. The gifted mother of so gifted a child was the best capable of giving us her character, and Irving has shown his usual good taste in retaining as much as possible her mother's memoranda.

The death of Theoda's father was the first great sorrow of her life. Their relations from early childhood had been very close and confidential. He devoted himself with unwearied care to her training; and, as her mother was often prostrated by severe headaches, she was his chosen companion in his amusements. She was accustomed to read aloud to him, and then make

what she read the topic of conversation. In the pressure of business, she helped in the keeping of his accounts. He was the dear object of her fondest and most devoted love. In addition to all this, his death made a break in the family which resulted in a separation. It was, therefore, with a heavy heart she followed his remains to the grave. But the father had impressed her with a distinct and vivid faith in immortality. So, when she sat in the shadow of a great sorrow, her natural cheerfulness and acquired faith soon gained sway; and, overcoming that selfish grief which spends itself in brooding over its personal loss, she at once gave herself to the thought of others, and her absorbing care for them took the sting from her own bereavement.

II.

BEFORE MARRIAGE.

AT MONTREAL.

After the death of her father, Miss Foster made her home in Montreal. This place had then many more of the features of a foreign city than now. There were a few influential American residents, and the garrison added many officers' families. The amusements were chiefly of a social character. There were very few lectures or concerts; and the theatre afforded little attraction, and received only a limited patronage. Visiting, dinners, and balls were the chief forms of social activity; and the general tone of society was gay and festive. The young lady, fresh in her feelings and with an inborn fondness for social intercourse, entered into this life, and soon, as in Burlington, became a favorite. But her gayety, though hearty and spontaneous, was tempered by fixed religious principles. It never ran into levity or excess. It was joyousness. The home of her two aunts, where she lived, was the centre of intellectual activity. They and their niece were diligent readers of the best books. Often one of them would read aloud, and then they would fall into animated conversation as to the quality of the thought and the characteristics of the author. The two aunts were very unlike in their mental organization; and the

niece, even at this early period, held to her own independent judgments. So often the talk became a spirited discussion of free, independent, active minds. Thus the intellect of the girl was stimulated and strengthened. Mrs. Cushing edited the *Garland*, a magazine well known in Canada, and a child's periodical called the *Dew Drop*. The three were the chief contributors. Thus there were active influences to quicken her mental growth. The Unitarian Church was at this time in its beginnings; and, as the three were deeply interested in its success, they gave much thought and work for its advancement. The ministers who preached were always welcomed to their house with a heartfelt cordiality. Miss Foster also entered into the deeper life of the Church. Her interest was a religious interest; and she not only believed its truths, but these became a personal experience, and were applied to her every-day life. After the settlement of Mr. Cordner, she attended as an appreciative hearer; and his able pulpit discourses were one of the shaping forces of her character. We give in this connection: —

[*A Letter from Rev. Dr. Cordner.*]

55 Chestnut Street, Boston.

Dear Mr. Bush,— In the passing away of Mrs. Bush, I feel that I have lost a valued and trusted friend of more than forty-four years' standing. During the first years of my ministry at Montreal, she was a frequent visitor there at the house of her aunt, Mrs. Cushing, and elsewhere. Those visits of "Theoda" were always anticipated with special pleasure, not only by her immediate relatives in Montreal,

but by all within the range of her acquaintance. For, besides her immediate relatives, she had a circle of attached and admiring friends in that city, who were always eager to welcome her presence among them. Her ready wit, bright intelligence, and gracious manner gave a charm to her personality which won for her a warm regard and welcome reception wherever she went. In her visits to Montreal she was sometimes accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Foster, whom I remember as a lady of rare loveliness of character, erect and dignified in person, mild and gracious in manner, and a welcome visitor, also, wherever she appeared. In many respects Miss Theoda resembled her mother, not less decided in speech and manner, but I should say rather more so. Any difference in this respect, however, may have been more apparent than real, and may be accounted for by the difference between youth and age.

Miss Foster took an active interest, from the beginning, in our movement to establish the Unitarian church in Montreal, and was helpful to us in raising funds wherewith to build our first church edifice there. Through her influence in Roxbury, we obtained a considerable amount from the proceeds of a May Fair held there for missionary and other purposes. At her suggestion and under her supervision, the ladies of our infant congregation had contributed to that fair various articles for sale, which were promptly appreciated, and brought us good financial return. Nor did her interest in our movement in Montreal ever quite cease. Her inquiry concerning our condition and progress was constant and earnest. She had a wholesome earnestness in whatsoever commanded her attention as worthy of earnest regard. Her spirit and courage were marked traits in her character. In the earlier days of our acquaintance in Montreal, I had opportunity of seeing her admirable exercise of these. Where strength of purpose was required she was strong; and there

was sunshine in her strength, which softened where it did not quite dissolve the hardness of opposing purpose.

She must still be remembered by those who knew her in those earlier days as a bright and agreeable companion, a warm-hearted and true friend, who brought a sunbeam into every company favored with her presence.

Besides her friends in Montreal, she and her mother had friends in Burlington, Vt.; and Mrs. Foster moved from Roxbury to Burlington, with her two daughters and son. Her purpose in doing so was, if I remember right, that she might have her son educated at the university there. Miss Foster, I know, was a favorite among her friends in Burlington as in Montreal. And she became Mrs. Bush while you were minister in Burlington. I have always congratulated you on that event, and since her removal sympathized with you in your bereavement. For there must be grief at such partings, although we may have perfect faith that the transition in such departure is from a lower to a higher, purer, and happier sphere.

Always yours faithfully,

J. CORDNER.

AT ROXBURY.

For about ten years after Miss Foster first went to Montreal, she divided her time between that city and Roxbury. It was a very important period, when the girl was growing into the prime of womanhood. Her mind unfolded, and her aim became more clear and fixed. In Roxbury she was among her nearest kin. Her mother and Aunt Hill lived with their father, who had become enfeebled by age. She usually made her home at her Aunt Brinley's. Her life was at this time a very busy one. She devoted herself to her mother

and aunts, and became their companion. They would go to lectures, concerts, and other places of amusement, often walking into and from Boston. She entered with her usual enjoyment into the surrounding social life, and lent a hand to many objects of private and public charity. For a number of years she was one of the foremost workers in the annual May Fair, which was then an established institution in Roxbury. She gave much time to reading; and it was during these years that she wrote her most elaborate articles for the *Knickerbocker.*

Everything connected with her church and the faith it represented was very dear to her; and she was accustomed to write reports of the sermons she heard in her private journal. It may be of interest to know her impressions of a few of those she heard. Dr. Lowell's sermon on Jerusalem, the city of the past, the sacred city where Jesus walked, was a graphic description of the place and feelings excited on entering it. "He was eloquent with truth." Henry Harrington preached two excellent sermons, and every one seemed pleased with him. "The Rev. N. L. Frothingham's sermon was full of apothegms, with much of the wisdom of the wise men. He is a delightful writer; but his manner is anything but agreeable to me. He made a prayer on occasion of Edward Adams's death which was very consolatory." "Mr. E. S. Gannett preached this morning on the domestic duties, and on the need of care in forming marriages. He spoke of the necessity of a sympathy in religion between wife and husband to make home happy. He described the home hallowed by religion so exquisitely that one could not but breathe

a prayer in their inmost heart that such a home might be theirs." "To-day I must record two delightful sermons from Mr. Peabody, of New Bedford. They were truly excellent and thrilling." Her journal abounds in reports of Mr. Putnam's sermons. He deeply impressed her as a preacher, and she carried with her the memory of many of his sermons through her whole life. When he had a call to the church in New York, she, with the other members of the parish, were filled with grief at the thought of his leaving them; and she thus describes the scene when he made known his decision: —

Sunday, Jan. 2, 1842.— Mr. Putnam in his sermon to-day spoke of the changes of the past year, and then gave us the much-longed-for information that he had sent a negative to the church in New York, and that he should probably remain with us now till death us do part. It must have been gratifying to him to have witnessed the general feeling expressed by his people. There was one convulsive motion throughout the church when he spoke the gratifying words, and all seemed to long to speak with a general voice and thank him for the happiness he gave.

"Dr. Putnam gave us one of his most charming sermons to-day, 'The land where there shall be no curse.' It was so comforting, such an assurance that all the troubles and wrongs of this life would be *righted* in the other. I thought of the cretins, the freedmen, the down-trodden, the sinning, and the sinned against, and I rejoiced that there was a land without a curse."

As a Sunday-school teacher, she won the interest of her scholars, and was deeply touched at their expressions of regret and love at the time of their separation.

In the various homes of her kindred she was always welcome; and often she would comfort the sick by her reading and cheery word. She was a constant visitor to her grandfather in his declining days. Sometimes she would spend a week with him. She thus records one of these visits:—

Aunts left us at twelve o'clock, I taking their place by grandfather. A glorious week they had, and a delightful one did I pass with my dear mother and feeling that I gave pleasure to poor grandfather. I do think one of life's purest pleasures is to feel the consciousness of giving a few hours of happiness to old age, wearied, worn, and exhausted as it is by the conflicts of the world, and seeking evening repose and amusement. To see the faded face brighten at your efforts, if only for a few moments, is a reward for the labor of a day; and who would not, who ought not, be ever patient with old age, with all its querulousness, when it is remembered that, if life is spared, we, too, shall need the sympathy and the thoughtful attention and forbearing kindness, for we may become like those who have gone before us? Grandfather was uncommonly happy all the week. We walked and talked together, and had a fine time.

Thanksgiving Day: Another of the yearly stones which mark the rapid passing of time, a resting-place where we should stop and look back upon the past twelve months. What have they brought us? A cup full of blessings, health with but few exceptions, some painful hours, but, oh, how few! The only real canker spot has been Eddie Adams's precarious health. It will probably be the last Thanksgiving he will ever pass on this earth. His beatified spirit another year will be singing praises in his heavenly home to his Father and his God.

The person referred to in the above was a cousin to whom she was accustomed to read aloud. He was specially delighted to hear the death scene of "Little Nell." Its pathos and tender feeling cheered his weary spirit, and he had it read over and over again. This was about the time of Dickens's visit to Boston in 1842. At the urgent request of her cousin, Miss Foster wrote to the author of "Curiosity Shop," and told him of this incident, and the comfort and strength his books had been to her cousin, addressing him as his "Unknown Friend." He at once replied: —

TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON, 2d February, 1842.

Dear Madam,— What can I say to your very interesting letter? That it has afforded me the utmost satisfaction of heart and the truest delight? You know that, I am sure, already.

I can but thank you, but I do so with a sincerity which may attach some value to my words; and in the same spirit I assure you, my unknown friend, that I am ever

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

To T. D. F.

We find the following entry in her journal: —

Aunt H. and I went into town to see "Boz," for we both have the strongest desire to look upon the features of him who has so moved the world both to tears and laughter. He has been welcomed with one burst of feeling from all hearts; and his visit promises to be like a triumphal procession. He is not borne up on the shoulders of men, flowers are not scattered in his path, but the homage of hearts is cast before him, a glorious triumph of genius.

The following letter, though written after the death of Mrs. Bush, may fittingly be inserted here, because of its connection with her life at Roxbury: —

[*Letter of Miss Anna Lowell.*]

ROXBURY, Dec. 27, 1889.

My dear Mr. Bush,— How I wish my dear sister were here to hold the pen instead of me,— not only because hers was so much more ready and she could have done it so much better, but because Mrs. Bush was her Sunday-school scholar, and one whom she highly prized at that time! I was too young to appreciate her fully,— indeed, I saw but little of her as one of a large class with whom I had but occasional intercourse. My dear niece, Susan Lowell, afterwards Mrs. William Sohier, belonged to that class, and, if she were here, might have added her reminiscences. My very earliest remembrance goes back to my childhood in Broomley Vale, when her grandfather, Dr. Foster, a venerable clergyman, had been preaching for Dr. Porter, and my father invited him to take tea. He came, and brought Theoda with him,— a sweet-looking young girl, who won my regard at once by her gentle, affectionate ways. I remember her soft, light blue eyes and flaxen hair and engaging manners. She spoke to me of some interesting children's books which she had been reading, and which afterwards became my favorites.

My impression of Theoda Foster is of a gentle, delicate young girl, eager and apt to learn, of the same spiritual, aspiring nature that she ever manifested, not merely promising, but giving constant evidence of a love of excellence; a mind seeking the best things, intellectually, morally, and religiously, such as every good teacher in the Sunday or day school or in the pulpit longs to find in their pupils, but so

rarely meets with. I have before me a letter from your wife written to me Dec. 17, 1873, to express her sympathy for the loss of my sister and her Sunday-school teacher. Perhaps you may like a brief extract from it, as it gives her ideal of a teacher and unconsciously describes herself: "No one ever left her without having something to remember, without being quickened intellectually or spiritually. She had such a rare union in her character,— the heart and mind seemed so harmonious. I can remember so many years ago, when the words which came from her and from Miss Porter were what we carried home from our 'teachers' meetings' [at Dr. George Putnam's, and conducted by him] to aid us in the work of the Sunday-school; and her example was a constant stimulus and incentive. If all teachers could leave the impress she did upon their pupils, the Sunday-school would be, indeed, the nursery of the church; for she knew how to bring out the religious sentiment. I feel it has been such a privilege to have known her. I can never forget her benignant presence, her kind interest in everything that interested others. It is very sad to think we can never meet her cordial welcome or hear her kindly voice; yet it is sweet to think she can no more feel the infirmities and weakness that were creeping upon her. All weariness and suffering have dropped from her with the body, and the freed soul has entered into full joy,— its promise was seen in the serene expression which glorified her face."

It was remarkable in our friend, in youth and through life, how with this enthusiasm of character which was so distinguishing a trait — enthusiasm for the good and beautiful, for every new opportunity of acquiring knowledge, every noble example — she yet united a loyalty for early convictions, a constancy of friendship, a reverence for the past, a firmness of faith which made her keep fast hold of her allegiance for the true and good, and kept her from the errors into which

minds of her enthusiastic temperament often fall. No new friendships made her forget old friends; no new views or theories in morals or religion made her neglect or despise those which she had previously embraced with enlightened conviction, and found practical and salutary. This balance of character contributed largely in making her life the happy and beneficent one it was. It gave her large breadth of sympathy. I have had frequent occasion to observe this in her. No prejudice against persons of different race or color, or religious sect or opinion, interfered with her Christian charity. I have several instances in mind when it seemed to me that, far from being repelled by these differences, she felt an added delight in helping those divided from her by these apparently repelling lines. How many did she draw to her, not by material services alone, but by her genial hospitality in social life and companionship! "I was a stranger, and ye took me in." These words might have been addressed to her by many a lonely one welcomed and cheered by her with unfailing kindness.

This largeness of heart added undoubtedly to the serenity and happiness which we know shed a glow over her life. I recollect a visit she made me after her return from Europe, and how much impressed I was with the richness and variety of the enjoyments she had received from the beautiful scenes in nature, the works of art she had seen, but most of all from intercourse with the good and great men and women she had met; for to her humanity was always more interesting than material beauty, and, above all, moral and spiritual beauty, which ever delighted her heart and quickened her faith. This *faith* was a perennial source of happiness. It never faltered, and sorrow and bereavement seemed only to make it grow clearer and brighter. "Her long illness," said one nearest to her, "did not cloud the cheerful trust and devout faith which she constantly cherished."

Very faithfully your friend,

ANNA C. LOWELL.

III.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

In the latter part of 1848, in consequence of the marriage of her sister Hannah to Mr. Elliot E. Kellogg and their settlement at the West, Miss Foster went to Burlington, to be with her mother and brother George. A few days before she left Roxbury on a brief visit to Cambridge, she asked a friend: "Do you know Mr. Bush, a recent graduate from the Divinity School, who has just received a call from the Unitarian society at Burlington? I am so much interested in the church there that much of my happiness will depend upon its minister." The two met for the first time in their lives at a social festival on the Christmas eve of 1848. The acquaintance soon grew into a mutual attachment, and they were married in the First Parish Church, Roxbury, on June 28, 1849, her two dear friends and old pastors, Dr. Ingersol and Dr. Putnam, officiating. From that time, the lives of the two were wholly one in aim and spirit. The extracts from two letters written just before their marriage will give a glimpse of her feelings and purpose: —

I am sure, my dearest Solon, when you can no longer hear my voice, you will be glad to have me speak to you with the pen; and therefore, this quiet Sabbath evening, I will show you that my thoughts are turning toward you by chatting a

few moments with you. The other day, you asked me for a copy of my note to your mother; and I was a naughty child not to have complied with so simple and sincere a wish before. It was not that I had any objection to your having it, but it seemed hardly worth so much notice; but, if it will give you any pleasure, it will certainly be a pleasure to me to copy it for you. I have enjoyed listening to you so much to-day. I felt such happiness in the echo of my heart to see you deeply warmed with the glowing flame of true spiritual piety, as you are; and you will aid me to become so. We shall, I trust, be mutual helps, and kindle on the domestic altar a steady and pure light that shall send forth, in joy or sorrow, in sickness and health, the rays to guide and cheer us.

When you read these lines, I shall, if nothing happens, be telling my aunts of our plans, introducing you to them, teaching them to love you as you taught me; and I am sure I shall find them ready to welcome you to their affections. . . . God bless you, prays Your

ODA.

[*Letter to Mr. Bush's Mother.*]

Mr. Bush has told me that he has written you, his dear mother, that I cannot *knit*. Lest you should think my fingers are quite useless appendages, I have amused myself with working a spectacle case, which, I hope, may speak to you of one who trusts ere very long to claim from you a mother's blessing and affection. I know that the only way to merit this is to make Solon happy; and I pray God I may do so, if deep affection and a true appreciation of his worth can do it, and then our home will be indeed a happy one.

Will you remember me affectionately to those whom I shall by and by call brothers and sisters? and believe me, with sincere respect, Yours.

After a brief visit to the family of her husband at Newport, R.I., and a few days spent with Mr. Jonathan Brookes and other friends in the city of New York, she returned to Burlington, and began the duties of a minister's wife with an intense love for her work. Her ideal of the ministry was lofty and comprehensive. For forty years, she kept it before her, and held it up to her husband with unsparing fidelity. The most exacting demands made on a minister's wife were no burden to her, because it was her delight to minister, and not to be ministered unto. Those who knew best the secrets of her heart know how deep and all-pervading the spirit of the religion of Jesus entered into the fibres of her being. She was not accustomed, in her common intercourse with others, to use the technical phrases of piety. Her religion was a divine spirit which inspired her whole life. To her mind, the teaching of Jesus was the evangel of God to human souls,—a messenger of loving service and true helpfulness. Her whole life centred round the two great truths, the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. In these she found inspiration and cheer; and she began her life as a minister's wife with a heartiness and consecration indicated by these words, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" From the first day she entered the parsonage at Burlington, it was the centre of a wide-spread activity. But, with all this outside work, there was no relaxing of domestic duties. The parsonage was a home for her mother, brother, and the welcome abode for others bound by domestic ties. The wide sweep of her sympathies did

not lessen her deep interest and affection for her kindred. The parsonage was in the fullest sense a home.

Mrs. Bush was no stranger to her parishioners. Many of them were her personal friends. Mrs. Alfred Brookes, in a letter referring to this period, writes: —

As to her work during your ministry at Burlington, I have little knowledge, as I was only there a couple of months in the summer; but I know there was great rejoicing when it was announced she was to be the minister's wife, and every one in town loved her. In those days there was no Unity Club or Lend a Hand in the church,— nothing but the sewing society. You will remember the first Christmas tree in town Theoda had in your house for the church, when Foster (pardon, Dr. Foster) was a baby. She sent to Boston herself for all the dolls, etc., for the children of the congregation.

The life of a minister's wife is largely one of routine. Mrs. Bush clung with great tenacity to the old idea of the value and sacredness of the pastoral relation. She knew and took a personal interest in each member of the parish. She taught in the Sunday-school and aided in the teachers' meetings. She was a frequent visitor to all the families in the parish, and had a listening ear and helping hand for those in need. She would come from her visits to the poor and entertain the strangers who were visiting her more wealthy parishioners. Thus she touched every point of human life by her social contact. One or two brief extracts from letters will give us a peep into the life at the parsonage: —

1851. I must scribble you a few lines, though not many; for I am trying to be a good girl and to please my trouble-

some ! ! ! husband, by writing a sketch for the *Miscellany*, hardly a sketch, though. It was suggested by the scene I described to you at Mrs. C.'s. She passed to her rest, a blessed exchange, on Saturday evening, and was buried yesterday at 2 P.M. It was at that time, too, that young S. went to his long home. He was the son of the butcher, and a great loss to his family. I wish you could see us now, grouped around the centre-table,— I with my desk, mother close by me, absorbed in "Alton Locke," Neddie reading a paper, my good man away at a temperance meeting, Baby Bush sound asleep. He went into his crib wide awake. He had one of his gums lanced yesterday; has been fretful for him for the last two or three days, owing to his teeth.

Twenty-four hours since I penned the above lines, we are in the same situation, with the addition of my good husband's presence, though he is so busy writing that he ignores us. It has been a most severe storm, and is now bitter cold. God bless and keep the poor!

Sunday.— So many days have passed without a word to you. Mother has not been very well. She still persists in calling me "grandma": we never shall get right relations here, we are all so mixed up.

Mrs. Bush every year during her residence at Burlington was accustomed to have a Christmas gathering at the parsonage, and she furnished all the presents except one year. Miss Bremer, when on her visit to the United States, took a trip with the late Mrs. Nathaniel Silsbee, of Salem, Mass., to Lake Champlain. They happened to reach Burlington the day before a picnic to the Au Sable, which Mrs. Bush had arranged for the Rev. Dr. E. B. Hall, of Providence, R.I., who was making her a visit. Miss Bremer and Mrs. Silsbee gladly accepted an invitation to join the

party. The former, in her book, thus mentions this event: "Yesterday we went on a pleasure party across the lake to Adirondack Mountain on the New York shore. The day was beautiful, so also was the excursion,—the scenery of the rapid, though shallow, little river Au Sable, where the rocks present the appearance of regularly built, inaccessible fortress walls of a most remarkable character,—all of which I enjoyed." In a conversation during the day, Mrs. Bush mentioned casually her last Christmas gathering, and Mrs. Silsbee was so much interested as to ask for additional details of the festival. Nothing more of this was thought of at the parsonage. About a week before the next Christmas, while the minister's wife was busy with her preparations, an expressman brought a mysterious-looking box, which proved to be filled with a great variety of pretty candies. Mrs. Bush took it for granted that they came from the Brookes family in New York, as they were accustomed to remember her on Christmas. The tree on Christmas Eve was brilliant with these varied colored gifts. With them there was a letter and poetical contribution. The pastor's wife requested one of the older members of the Sunday-school to read the letter. The gentleman as he opened it exclaimed, "Why, this is Mrs. Silsbee's handwriting." So it proved. She was so much interested with what she had heard that, as Christmas drew near, she put her pastor's well-known poetical talent under contribution for a Christmas poem, and this she sweetened by her box of varied and exquisite candies. The delicacy of the gift touched Mrs. Bush's heart, and the fact became one of the precious recollections of the ministry at Burlington.

The following is from another of her Burlington parishioners. Later in life, in the stress of great trials and sorrows, Mrs. Bush had cheered and befriended her both by acts of loving kindness and by letters. The latter, she says, were "filled with deepest sympathy, with helpful, loving words of comfort and trust." She then adds: —

In my young days, Theoda Foster was my greatest admiration. Later, as Mrs. Bush, she was my true friend, my ideal woman. When about to leave Burlington, Mrs. Bush, with her earnest, encouraging words, prevailed upon me to take her infant class in the Sunday-school, with her blessing. I took it, and her blessing saved the class. It was my first experience in teaching. Her interest, as you well know, was unlimited in the Sunday-school, and her Christmas trees were the first the children had ever seen and the first that many of the parents had ever seen. She was so happy at seeing us all so delighted. I think none of those who were present will ever forget that happy time. Her memory is indeed a benediction to all who knew her. K. A. D.

At one of the Commencements of the Burlington University, Mr. Edwin P. Whipple gave the address and the Rev. Dr. John Pierpont the poem before the college society. The latter was an old friend, and had presided over the council which ordained Mr. Bush as minister of the Unitarian church at Burlington. Though Mrs. Bush was not at that time personally acquainted with the former, she had read his writings and had a high appreciation of the author's brilliant style and ability. His wife was also with him, and the three were invited to spend an evening at the

parsonage. Mrs. Whipple, referring to this, says, "I remember to this day the cordiality and grace with which she welcomed us and the peculiar charm of her hospitality." Mrs. Bush, in after life, often recalled this occasion with great pleasure, because it began an acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Whipple which she valued very much, and which continued when she became a resident of Boston. Mr. Whipple, with that readiness to do others a favor which was a marked feature in his character, gave, at Mrs. Bush's request, his paper on Joan of Arc at the Stone Cottage and his sketch of Dickens in the parlor of the home at Park Square on the evenings of the annual reception of the Needham parishioners and other friends.

Another eventful occasion of the Burlington ministry was the visit of the Rev. William Ware. The two American classics, "Zenobia" and "Probus," were special favorites of Mrs. Bush, and she had a very high esteem for their author. She had also had a deep personal interest in Mr. Ware, excited by her New York friends, who were his old parishioners. She was therefore delighted when it was arranged to have him give in Burlington his course of lectures on European art. Though he declined to be a permanent guest at the parsonage, preferring to remain at the hotel, he was almost a daily visitor, and gave great delight by his discourse on art and other themes of high import. He was cordially received by the people, and the period of his visit was a social carnival as well as an artistic revival. The enjoyments of those lectures and the personal intercourse of the lecturer stand out as among the richest memories of the Burlington parsonage.

AT BRATTLEBORO.

After a ministry of about four years in Burlington, Mr. Bush resigned, and became pastor of the Unitarian church at Brattleboro. This place had many attractions to Mrs. Bush. The social life was marked by a number of highly intelligent and cultivated families, among whom were the Channings, Higginsons, and other well-known names. The village, nestling in the valley of the Connecticut River, was surrounded by hills, and the scenery was beautiful. The picturesque walks and charming drives were a delight to her. She especially enjoyed the woods, with their trees and ferns. But the enjoyments of the scenery and social life did not lure her from her duties as a minister's wife. Her life here was marked by the same features and was inspired by the same spirit of unselfish devotion as at Burlington. To portray this in full would be simply to limn the same features of the picture already given, though on a different background. During the earlier period of her residence in Brattleboro, she boarded in the house with Mr. and Mrs. Dorr Bradley; and this gave rise to life friendships. We subjoin a brief letter from Mrs. Bradley: —

BRATTLEBORO, Nov. 5, 1889.

Dear Mr. Bush,— So many years have elapsed since we had our dear friend with us, and such an almost entire change has taken place in our society, that there are few left to whom I can apply to bear testimony to her great usefulness and excellence of character and to the good work she did for us here, always first and foremost in all that was to advance the interests of the society. Of course, we chiefly

remember Mrs. Bush as she was in private in our household when we were together,— as the friend to be relied upon above all others to make us happy, to put a new meaning into the events of daily life, to be near with the best of advice, to make all duty seem easy ; in conversation, to brighten every subject by her intelligence ; to see good in all things, and make us feel as if there were nothing but good in life. All this she was to us ; and I know that what she was for us she was to hundreds of others. In regard to the part she took in the business of the society, I well know that she was an invaluable director and manager, always ready for any duty called for, and looked up to by all with great reliance and esteem. In speaking of Mrs. Bush with a friend the other day, we recalled some of the many kind and good works she was interested in while here. I was reminded that it was through her instrumentality that we secured our parsonage. We also remembered how kindly her welcome was to every one, but most particularly to the Sunday-school, and the charming way she opened her house to them on Christmas eve, making them all feel the beauty and joy of that holy day. There are also many, if now with us, that could tell of the sympathy and kindness shown to them in times of anxiety and trouble, and that could feel she was indeed their friend.

Ever sincerely yours,

S. M. Bradley.

AT MEDFIELD.

This town, when Mr. Bush entered upon his ministry in 1857, had preserved to a great degree the old New England rural characteristics. It had no direct railway connection with Boston. The present flourishing manufacturing industry was in its infancy, and social society was homogeneous. The bass-viol still

lingered in the choir, and there were remaining other customs of the olden time. But with all this there was much native intelligence and force of character. There were several houses, such as that of the Ellis or Allen family, where the seventh generation had lived; and many inmates of these households were still active and true friends of the old First Parish. The Rev. Charles Sewall was a permanent resident; and, though his pulpit engagements prevented him from attending the Sunday services, his family were among the earnest workers in the church. The parishioners received the new minister and his wife with a sincere and heartfelt cordiality. One gave them the use of a furnished house for four months; and then another opened hers as a parsonage, and the welcome extended four years free of rent. Later in life, Mrs. Bush, in writing to Mrs. Fowle, the daughter of Mrs. Daniel Adams, says: "I cannot tell you all my interest in you and yours, and the loving, grateful recollections I have of the lovely home made so charming by the dear mother and yourself. I have never had happier years than those, and never can have." Again: "Will my dear little 'Medfield mother' come and join our family circle at dinner to-day? We all feel as if her presence would add a zest to the social gathering." The ties of affection thus formed were only broken by death; and in that dear old Medfield home the memory of olden days and the loved ones is a sacred heritage.

MEDFIELD, Feb. 7, 1869.

I do verily believe in the existence of living godmothers, my dear ones. Indeed, I am quite certain that there is a trinity of them; for, what do you think? to-day, as Foss and I were

playing battledore, a round, rosy face intruded itself into the room, and a big basket was set down. "What have you there?" I inquired of the good-natured phiz. "I don't know," he replied. Well, as I was anxious to know, and I am sure you will be equally so, not possibly being able to guess, I will tell you. First, there were yards and yards of nice towelling, just such as I had put down in my memorandum-book must be got the next time I sent to Roxbury; then peered out such pretty cups. What a wonderful person this little fairy godmother must be to know all the things I wanted! Don't you think so? Don't you wish you could know her? Then such beautiful tumblers, just such as I had coveted at Mattie's; then little egg-cups,—how *could* she know mine were broken? And, to crown the whole, such a dear little cream-jug! Everything looked as if it came from Boston; but, then, fairy godmothers don't live in the cities. How can I find my kind, little, thoughtful one who sent me such treasures? If you have any clew as to where her fairy palace is, you must go to it, and give them — there is more than one, I am sure — three hearty kisses for me. I am like a rich rogue. Mr. Bush laughs. A day or two since, I was making a memorandum of things I should get. He held up the money-box, and said he thought I had better not go at all. Now, he says, I have got all I wanted; and there is no need of any going. . . . I shall go to Roxbury a week from Saturday, to make a little visit. Will anybody be glad to see me, do you think? My fairy godmother will, I know. All send love. Daily and hourly I think of you. Good-by, dear ones. Yours lovingly,

ODA.

Mr. George Inness lived in Medfield several years during the ministry of Mr. Bush. It was here that he painted some of his world-renowned pictures. As

Mrs. Bush had so passionate a love for art in every form, they had many tastes in common. Often, while engaged on his pictures, after he had produced some of his bold and most striking effects, he would run into the parsonage, which was near, and ask her to go in and see the work in progress. Mr. Inness was an earnest and deep thinker, and was very fond of talking on the highest themes of philosophy and religion; and very many hours were spent by the artist with the minister and his wife in the discussion of the gravest human problems. Mrs. Bush was also very much attached to Mrs. Inness, and the intercourse between the families was that of intimate friends. After their removal Mrs. Inness wrote to Mrs. Bush, expressing in the warmest terms her grateful affection. Mrs. Bush in turn watched with eager earnestness for all the notices of Mr. Inness's subsequent pictures, and cherished a warm and enduring interest in the family and the future success of the artist.

Mrs. Bush went to her work in the parish with the same fresh and earnest love of it as before. She valued highly the influence of good books; and in times of bereavement or special temptation and trial, in periods of doubt or religious questioning, in seasons of unusual spiritual awakening, she would leave in the household a book suited for the experience. As then there was no public library, the books from the parsonage freely circulated through the town. The Ladies' Aid Society met regularly at her house; and during the war, every little while, boxes and barrels would go from the parsonage, filled with articles fitted for the soldiers' need, and speed their way to the camp.

To the sick she would often take some delicacy made by her own hand; and, when the press of other duties prevented her from doing this in person, she would send her gift by another, with a note containing a word of cheer. She believed that the religion of Jesus should touch human life at every point, and fill it with its beauty, love, and inspiration; that the church should interest itself in everything that tended to uplift the town and make it better; in fact, that the church and its ministrations should aim to hasten the coming of the kingdom of God here and now, and thus make the prayer of Jesus a fact. For this she both labored and prayed. Working with this clear purpose, she confidently hoped for lasting results.

Miss Sewall in a note thus writes: —

Mrs. Bush brought to her work as our pastor's wife untiring energy and devotion. The Sunday-school, the Ladies' Circle, every effort for the help and advancement of others, had her sympathy and co-operation. Her loyalty, her truth and steadfastness, her genial hospitality, impressed themselves on every one. There are those among us now striving to gather into their ripening souls that grace of patience and that bright serenity that is its finest charm, who feel it easier to reach because she lived and they loved her. Many years have passed since she walked in our midst; but her name and work are held in most loving remembrance, and her memory is ever an uplifting influence.

AT NEEDHAM.

To only a very limited extent can Mrs. Bush be regarded as a minister's wife during the eighteen years her husband had charge of the First Parish at Need-

ham. She only resided there about four months in the year, and during much of this time her feeble health kept her indoors. But, as far as the circumstances permitted, she helped in all efforts relating to the church, and entered with zealous sympathy into her husband's labors. In the early period of her residence here, as far as her strength allowed, she visited the people and took a personal interest in them. She was ready with her nimble fingers to make articles for the annual fair, often doing this while sitting up in her bed. When the various groups of the Look Up Legion were organized, she entered heartily into this movement, and gave her special attention to the Little Helpers. They would meet with her when she was not able to walk out, and in various ways she inspired them with courage and faith to go on. The last meeting she appointed she was too feeble to leave her chamber; but she sent them a word of cheer, and one of the last acts of a public character was the gathering of materials for them to carry on their work.

OAK LODGE.

Yesterday, dear M——, your *munificent* gift came. It had such a variety, such teachings for our "Little Helpers." The rain has postponed the young people's festival, and I do not know what the plans are; but I do know these things your little people sent will be an incentive and stimulus to ours. So the ball rolls on. Will it ever be large enough to push sin and misery from this earth?

The following is taken from a series of resolutions passed by the Ladies' Aid Society after her death:—

Resolved, That, while we reverently bow to the will of our heavenly Father, we most deeply feel our loss, and, though we

shall ever miss her cheerful smile and encouraging word; we shall remember with gratitude the assistance she always so generously rendered.

NEEDHAM, Jan. 28, 1890.

Dear Mr. Bush,— The first time I ever saw Mrs. Bush was at a wedding not long after you became pastor of the First Parish Church in Needham. We were very much pleased with her at that first meeting, and thought her such a lovely woman,— an opinion which further acquaintance not only confirmed, but strengthened. It was the regret of the whole society that circumstances prevented her living among us; but we always felt her strong interest in our welfare, an interest manifested in many helpful ways. In times of sorrow and bereavement, letters of tender sympathy and consolation were received from her; and, in times of joy and wedding festivity, tokens of her loving remembrance were always present among the bridal gifts. Also at Easter came her words of greeting and of earnest approbation to the young disciples who on that day received the rite of baptism. The name of the "Little Helpers" brings to mind the memory of Mrs. Bush; for she was so interested in that band of little girls, who met with her during one summer, and in their work, after she was unable to be with them, even to the end of her life. The summers which she spent among us are remembered with pleasure, as well as the cordial welcome to her home always given us all. She seemed so bright and sunny, so sympathetic and thoughtful of others,— not of a few, but of all, and not sometimes, but always,— that people felt better for her presence. Her thought of others brings to mind the delight which she gave to one of the boys of the neighborhood (not of her own flock) who had met with an accident which confined him to the house. The pains taken to arrange her simple gifts with skill and taste added to their value, and gave a lasting pleasure. I recall

also the words of one who went with her to the Saratoga Conference in 1883: "The many people who came so eagerly to greet her, and showed such pleasure at the meeting, even though she did not at first recognize them, told how she was remembered and loved." Her handiwork is in many of our homes, her picture in very many more; and the thought of her in our hearts is a beautiful memory which will not soon fade away. C. G. M.

IV.

THE HOME.

The domestic life of Mrs. Bush rested on duty and affection. When a girl of twenty, Miss Foster lighted up the hearthstone in the woods by her cheerful presence. She made the home of her aunts in Montreal more sunny by her joy and kindly service. At Roxbury, she was welcomed as an aid and companion. She brought to the marriage altar a love consecrated to the welfare of others, and from that time her own home was open to all the members of her family. The funeral services of her mother, sister, and Aunts Hill and Brinley, were performed at her house. Other kindred were received with cordial greeting; and her door flew open when the stranger in stress pulled the latch-string. Her hospitality was given without stint, and with a kindness which warmed many sad and struggling hearts. When her only child, John Standish Foster, was born June 4, 1850, her life was enriched by the sweetness and sanctity of motherhood; and she did her utmost to inspire him with a high ideal of manhood. She would read to him books of interest and rich in moral stimulant. In her letters, she makes mention of Scripture and other readings on Sunday evenings and the repeating of hymns. She notes with solicitude the books he prefers. "Foster," she writes,

"has been reading, absorbed in Whittier's poems since you left, the anti-slavery poems particularly; and I think the first seeds of freedom are dropped into his young mind, to blossom and bear fruit, I trust, through all the storms which must come in the future. If we can only give him persistence in the right, a great step will be gained. The other day Foss was talking with me, and I asked who of all he knew he would wish to be the most like. 'Uncle George,' was his quick reply. 'Would you, then, like to have me like him?' I said, 'In some things, dear; not in all.' 'Would you like to have me smoke?' 'No; and he was not cautious or careful about money matters.' And then I tried to explain to him the effects of not taking proper heed to expenditures. But I was pleased to find him remembering dear George so well." She cherished with a mother's fondness every hint of promise: "The phrenologist gave an excellent character of Foster, says he has just the temperament of Horace Mann's youngest son, and will make a capital chemist or doctor. He thinks he cannot be gross or vicious."

As a boy, he was more fond of sports than study; but in early youth, after he had chosen his profession, and as the rollicking boy changed into a diligent student, she rejoiced and spurred him on. "Foster is really studying hard this winter. He is very well and happy." "Foster enjoys his hospital studies. He is raving on the doctor question." Yet, underlying all this, was the supreme desire that her son should grow up to be a useful and good man. She poured upon him the full fountain of her maternal love, and she

lived to receive a rich reward in his tender and unfailing filial devotion.

The son's marriage on the 4th of June, 1875, brought her a daughter whose loving care and fidelity added much to her happiness. She welcomed her to her heart with the fondness of a mother's love, and always regarded this marriage as one of the happiest events in her life, as it gave her a daughter whose devotion was sincere and constant. The two families made one home the rest of her life; and the last summer, among the oaks and pines, the daughter ministered to the comfort of the mother by her care and love.

Dr. Gannett was an old friend of Mrs. Bush. He first formed her acquaintance when they went in the stage-coach and steamer to Montreal, to attend the dedication of the new church. Pleasant mention of this is made in his journal of that time. She dearly prized his friendship, and fully appreciated his lofty spirit of devotion and fidelity to duty. The following letter expresses his estimate of her influence:—

BOSTON, Aug. 7, 1862.

Dear Sir,— Is it too late to ask if you could exchange with me next Sunday, 10th inst.? I have thought a day at Medfield, under your wife's influence, and amidst the beautiful and quiet scenes of nature, would do me ever so much good. Will you let me have a reply on Saturday morning? and, if it should be in the affirmative, won't you send a memo. of hymns (from Greenwood), *two* for the A.M. and *one* only for the P.M.? Sincerely yours,

E. S. GANNETT.

"It is almost a dream that A. is to be our daughter now, that she is to come under our charge, and that we

are to do all we can to develop her in the right direction." Mrs. Bush wrote this in 1876, and had in mind a young lady who was placed under the guardianship of Mr. Bush, and who was a member of the family until her marriage. We give here some of her impressions: —

It is with grateful memories of many kindnesses shown the writer that she endeavors, though inadequately, to bring her tribute to one who has passed away from earth to a higher life. A young girl and an orphan, she came into Mrs. Bush's household, and for eight years found a home, where she had daily opportunities of seeing and knowing a woman Christian in the truest sense. For the young, Mrs. Bush had unfailing sympathy. She was patient with their conceit and follies, while trying to make them realize the value of life and its opportunities for improvement. She was invariably kind and charitable in her judgments of people. In her presence, petty gossip met with no encouragement. She had the happy faculty of seeing what was best in a person; and, if there was any good to be found, she seldom failed to draw it out.

Though a sufferer for many years from dyspepsia, an ailment which is generally depressing in its effect, her cheerfulness was a marked characteristic; but it had its source in her unselfish thought for others, in her endeavor to make each one in her household happy. Her hospitality was remarkable. Her door was always open to any one to whom she felt she could do a kindness, or who had the least claim on her sympathy or interest. She had many *protégés* who came to her with their troubles, and whom she helped with her advice or assistance as far as it lay in her power. A charming hostess, those who have seen her in her own home will remember her grace and charm of manner in receiving

her guests, her exquisite tact and courtesy. In conversation she was always interesting and animated. Her mind was active and progressive. She took a genuine interest in all new ideas. Although she lived to reach old age, her heart was always young; she never lost her interest or her belief in human nature. She had a favorite saying that "good manners must come from the heart, that without sincerity they were only a veneer." With true kindness of heart she united a refined and spiritual nature. Her beautiful spirit seemed to shine more brightly as her body faded away.

In her, more than one lost their kindest friend. But so beneficent a life surely was not lived in vain. Her memory will always remain a sweet and precious one to those who had the privilege of knowing her. To her these lines of Longfellow seem peculiarly applicable: —

"When'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoke a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

"The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

"Honor to those whose words and deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low."

A. R. E.

January, 1890.

Mrs. Bush, with all her imaginative ideality, had superior executive ability, and was skilful with her fingers and in the administration of affairs. In the fullest sense, she was a housekeeper, and was equally

at home in kitchen and parlor. As domestic service of a high grade is very rare in small towns, she was often obliged to take part in the many details of domestic life. At Christmas, she would make her plans, select and arrange the presents, mark on each the name of the person for whom it was designed, often with an added fitting phrase; and then, after writing an address in prose or rhyme for the fairy to speak and a chorus for the angels to sing, she would lay down her pen, go into the kitchen, and make the sponge cake or prepare the plum pudding. This done, she would return, and soon the lady of the house would be ready to receive her guests. It was her uniform rule to arrange her table when she gave large receptions; and for many years she took the entire charge of the buying of the household. She had the gift, so needful to eke out a country minister's income, of making a moderate sum go a great way. Soon after her engagement, as she was always doing fancy work when her future husband called, he once playfully asked her if she ever did plain sewing. She replied by a peal of laughter; for she was the seamstress of the family. Before the machine came into the house, she cut and made a coat for her husband, which he regarded as the most comfortable garment he ever wore. In one of her letters, she refers to a young friend whom she had aided in various ways, and who, she hoped, would be able to do A.'s work, and then adds: "She fitted her up with mourning beautifully before she went to New York; and I *tell* you it was a tough week's work for both of us. I was so anxious to secure the work for her that I took hold with her; and we accomplished from Tuesday to Fri-

day night a handsome black dress complete, beautifully trimmed, and one of foulard cambric, black under-dress and plaid overdress. It was a great feat."

In her relations with her domestics, she was kindly, and took a personal interest in their welfare. "This P.M. I went to the Cathedral Church, as Bessie was to be confirmed; and we found it would gratify her very much." This is only one illustration of the way in which she entered into their life. In any trouble, they found in her a friend; and this uniform consideration and personal interest were repaid in several cases by many years of faithful and loving service.

Mrs. Bush received the announcement that Mr. Garrison had become a resident of Roxbury with very great pleasure, because she had been from girlhood in sympathy with the anti-slavery movement. This pleasure was increased when the family of his son William took the house next to the Stone Cottage. There were many points of interest between Mrs. Bush and the Garrison families, which led to frequent social intercourse and permanent friendship. We give two incidents as an illustration of the relationship: —

Richard D. Webb, who was on a visit to his friend, and a few others were invited to tea at the Stone Cottage. As a fearful snow-storm was raging, only members of Mr. Garrison's family came. Mr. Henry Vincent, another English reformer, was prevented by the storm from meeting an engagement to lecture, and was staying with Mr. Garrison, who brought him with Mr. Webb. Though two of these veterans of the great anti-slavery struggle had seen each other within a short time, the three had not met together for several

years. So they indulged in reminiscences, and recalled their experiences. The talk was kept up with unabating interest for several hours. All were so absorbed that no one heard the howling wind or the snow beating on the windows. The memory of that evening, with its thrilling story of moral heroism and triumphant struggle, was never forgotten.

When President Grant visited Boston during the Peace Jubilee, Colonel Forney was among those who came with him from Washington. As Mr. Bush had received the hospitalities of the latter both in Washington and Philadelphia, the veteran editor was invited to dine at the Stone Cottage with various members of the Boston press. It happened to be on the same evening as the Grant banquet, so only a very few of the Boston editors came. The two chief guests were Colonel Forney and Mr. Garrison; and it was very interesting to note how differently these two commented on the men and events of the time. The one dealt with them in the light of broad principles of universal justice, while the other regarded them wholly from the standpoint of political expediency. Several hours were spent over the coffee,— Mrs. Bush's temperance principles would not allow the use of wine; and the talk was spirited and interesting. Colonel Forney, on taking his leave, expressed the great pleasure it gave him to meet Mr. Garrison for the first time, and in a letter to a friend soon after, in referring to this, expressed his high appreciation of the vivacity, dignity, and grace of the hostess and the charm of her hospitality.

The writer of the following letter was present on one of these occasions: —

Roxbury, Sept. 7, 1888.

My dear Mr. Bush,— I well remember the day when I first saw Mrs. Bush and you, twenty-four years ago this fall, and the friendly call you made on us just after we were domiciled in this house ; and I never pass the little stone house on Lambert Street, where you lived for a time, without recalling the charm which her taste and touch gave the cosey rooms, and the sweet and gracious welcome which she always gave her guests. Her delightful conversational powers impressed me greatly, boy as I was then ; and it was such a pleasure to me always to see and listen to her that I have often regretted that change of residence and the absorbing cares of every-day life have so seldom permitted me an opportunity of meeting her in later years. I shall always cherish her memory with affection ; and, in offering you my heartfelt sympathy now, I feel that I must couple with it my congratulations that you have been blessed with her ennobling and inspiring companionship so many years, and have still your dear and devoted son Foster and his wife and children to cheer your life.

With love to Foster, whose career must have given his mother so much pride and happiness in her later years, I am, dear Mr. Bush,

Most truly and faithfully yours,

Frank J. Garrison.

1342 Q St., N. W., Washington, D.C.

My dear Mr. Bush,— It gives me great pleasure to bear testimony to the worth of the noble woman who held the closest relation to you, and who was to me almost a life-long friend. In my youth I went to Roxbury, and one of the first persons who received me with a loving hospitality was Theoda Foster. She was then in early womanhood,— a bright, beautiful blonde, graceful and winning, full of enthu-

siasm for all that was noble and good; in fact, overflowing with most generous impulses, a fountain of never-failing kindness always welling up within her. Endowed with a fine temperament, she could, apparently without an effort, see the bright side of life. A sort of loving joyfulness beamed from her face, whether you met her on the street, in the church, or in her home. Her presence was an inspiration to me. She had so much of the poetic temperament that she could put herself in another's place, and thus minister to wants that she personally never experienced. For example, she had from her earliest childhood a pleasant, happy home and moderate means; yet she never forgot those who were less fortunate,— those women who had few pleasures,— as her Thanksgiving and Christmas gatherings testified. I have never met a woman so thoughtful and kindly in this respect. She regarded the worth of individuals, not their circumstances, and gave untold pleasure to many who were not often recognized in her sphere of social life. She had a rare charm of manner, as one "to the manner born." At her receptions, she received her friends with a graceful dignity unequalled by any hostess I have ever known. Fine behavior was native to her. As hostess of the dinner-table, she presided with equal grace and dignity. Love, divine love, was the mainspring of her life. She was superior intellectually, fond of books, and wrote ably herself on some themes.

She was a most agreeable companion. When she passed on, the earth seemed poor indeed. I have never ceased to feel a sense of loss, which deepens as one by one of the friends of my youth depart; leaving me almost alone,— yet not alone, for, if we live in the Spirit, there is no death, no separation. We are one with God, God is one with us, hence we are one with each other! Blessed truth!

Sincerely yours,

Sophia T. Townsend.

My dear Mr. Bush,— In the death of Mrs. Bush, I have lost one of my oldest and most valued friends. I first met her as Miss Foster in Roxbury, when I was a school-girl and she a young lady in society, and I well remember how charmed I was with her gracious, kindly manner to all young girls. I used to watch her at the few parties I was allowed to attend then, when her bright, animated conversation was sure to entertain all about her. Afterward I came to know her well, and I have never met with any one so thoroughly unselfish and self-sacrificing as I always found her. If there was a kindness she could do to any one or a pleasure she could give, that kindness or pleasure was never forgotten. Whether she was well or ill, at home or abroad, she constantly thought of others.

You know my fancy for autographs. Many a friend has promised me this or that letter, of which I never heard more. She made no promises, but was perfectly indefatigable in searching among her own correspondence, which was large, and in begging from her friends such letters as she thought I would value. Even when she was travelling in Europe, in the midst of her sight-seeing and visiting, she did not forget my autographs, and brought me home many interesting letters written to her English friends from men and women of note. And it seemed to give her such pleasure to please me! I can never forget this.

The same thoughtfulness that she showed for me was shown for all others. I remember she told me once that she wanted to ask this person and that to her Thanksgiving dinner, because they had no pleasant homes to go to! And how cordial and attentive she was to all strangers! I recollect speaking of this to one of our eminent Unitarian ministers. "Yes," he said, "when strangers come into the country, we Unitarians say we must welcome them and do something for them at once; but, by the time we have

reached them, we find that Mr. and Mrs. Bush have forestalled us, and already made them feel at home among us."

How interested she was, too, to gather together the ladies of your Needham parish in her pleasant home in Roxbury and Boston, to give them some intellectual treat,— a paper by Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, an essay read by Mr. Whipple, or a Shakespeare play by some good reader. And her interest in the poor Indians led her to open her doors to all who would espouse their cause. The only time I ever heard Miss Fletcher speak of her life among the Indians was at a meeting of friends gathered by Mrs. Bush in her own home, to which she kindly invited me.

For one whose life had been so pure and blameless, she had a remarkable charity for the erring and sinful,— never a harsh word for the sinner, whatever she might say of the sin; and for all in sorrow or trouble she had always a kindly sympathy. Her heart seemed to take in all suffering humanity. No wonder we all felt when she left us that

> "They took to heaven a shining one,
> Who walked an angel here."

Truly yours,

E. M. Washburn.

After she came to Boston, Mrs. Bush, on Thanksgiving Day, was always on the look-out for some stray minister away from home to invite to dinner. We give a reply to one of these invitations: —

Boston, Mass., Nov. 27, 1871.

Dear Mrs. Bush,— It would indeed be a "happy Thanksgiving Day" if on any occasion I could get over your threshold; and I still feed myself with a hope that such a good time will come around. Next Thursday I have a dining

engagement, however; and yet, if I were competent to such a nimble movement, I should certainly make and keep another, for the knowledge that you have sent a kind thought toward me "warms my poor old heart."

Cordially,

CHARLES G. AMES.

When at Brattleboro, Mrs. Bush first met the artist William Hunt, who, with his family, mother, and sister, was occupying the Hunt homestead. Though they remained there only a short time, the friendship continued. Mr. Bush christened Mr. Hunt's eldest boy at his home in Newport, and Mrs. Bush for years was a very dear friend of Madam Hunt and her daughter Jane. The latter made Park Square her home for one winter, and she was so endeared to the whole household that she was always cordially welcomed. Frequently she wrote to Mrs. Bush; and the following letter, which refers to an important artistic epoch in her brother's career, may be of interest:—

ALBANY, STANWIX HALL.

My dear Mrs. Bush,— I am really mortified that your kind note, enclosing the sample of linen, should have lain so long unanswered. I have been here now about ten days, and expected to have gone home yesterday; but William says, No: I must stay a little longer,— no great hardship, as you can imagine. Besides being with him, I am so much interested in his work. He is engaged on the walls of two arched spaces, forty-five feet long by sixteen high, about sixty feet from the floor. The figures are about twice the size of life. The new capitol here is one of the largest, if not the largest, public building in the country (I believe it

comes next to the Capitol at Washington); and the Assembly Room is a superb arched hall, one hundred and forty feet long by ninety wide, entirely built of stone, granite, and marble, richly carved and decorated. Everything is arranged most conveniently for him, and a bridge eight feet wide leading from one scaffolding to the other. There are forty or fifty men at work in the room,— plasterers, stone cutters and carvers, carpenters, plumbers, etc.,— all below him. No one has occasion to pass his staircase but his own assistants and friends. He is there all day (as our dinners are sent up from the hotel), working till dark, and we generally stay an hour or more after torchlight. He is working steadily and hard, but really enjoys it, and is perfectly well. The architects, commissioners, or some one interested in the building, are here every day, and all seem to like what he is doing. A little later, I will send you small photographs. Did you receive a paper I sent last week? I have gone into these details, as I thought you would be interested in them, but have not asked a question about yourself or family. All well, I hope. With kind regards to all, believe me, Yours truly,

J. HUNT.

TUESDAY P.M.

You once, when I was an inmate in your home, gave me a little thought for which I am very much obliged. I felt under so much obligation to you for the great help you were to me, and did not know how I could ever make much return for it; and you said perhaps the right way was, as time and opportunity offered, to do for others what I could, and lend a hand when a hard time came to them. So, in your many hours of enforced quiet in your room, please remember that I try still to repay my debt to you in the way you suggested. How frequently Dr. Hale's "Ten Times One" comes back to remind us of our obligations! I don't know but I shall call myself one of your ten. E. T.

Sept. 21, 1888.

My dear Bush,— My memories of Mrs. Bush are all most tender and inspiring. She was so utterly unselfish, and, at the same time, in all her life she has shown such rare wisdom and sense in choosing the work she should do, and in doing it after she had wisely chosen, that one wishes and hopes that such an example may be widely and well known among the new generation. I can well see how you must miss even the sad pleasure of caring for her. Few people have got as much out of married life as you two have done. She seemed by instinct to understand your purposes and to enter into your work. And I can well see how hard you must have found it, of late years, to address yourself to what you did without her ready help. Indeed, there is no one of whom I liked less to hear that she was ill, she knew and used health so well.

Always truly yours,

E. E. Hale.

Erie, Sept. 16, 1888.

It is many years since I looked upon the face or heard the voice of my friend, and I grieve to learn that much of suffering has been hers to endure. The last time we met was at Saratoga, the only time, I think, since I left Worcester for this new home, nearly fifteen years ago. We had then an hour of precious, well-remembered converse, telling each other of our life experiences; and I recall her looks as she spoke of you and your devotion to her, that it was almost painful in its intensity as she thought of what separation would be to you. Earlier than this she took me to the beautiful place where you have laid all of her which was mortal, and where her beloved mother had not long before been laid. I recall, as I write, her gracious hospitality when from time to time I was your guest, when the aged mother in her saintly calm and the young son in dawning manhood were of the

family circle, and made it complete. I feel it to have been a privilege to have been admitted to her friendship and to have entered with some real appreciation into intimate communion with one so variously gifted, of a personality so marked and a spirituality so pure and high and a character which to many another, as to myself, has been an inspiration and must ever remain a cherished memory.

Very sincerely yours,

MARY A. FITCH.

WEIMAR, July 7.

Dear Mrs. Bush,— I cannot resist sending you a line, just to tell you that we are well, and have you and our dear Boston friends often in mind, and your dear names on our lips, in all these wonderful experiences that have come to us in beautiful Germany. J. is telling all about the most fortunate meeting with the great and good Abbé Liszt, and all the beautiful times that have followed; and I want to tell you that the dear child is better, and has gained much since we sailed. You were all so lovely and kind to us that the memory of those last days in dear Boston is full of delight and happiness. Our life in this quiet, most interesting Weimar is delightful. Everything about us is restful. Strange, you will say, when I tell you that J. sees Liszt *almost every day;* but there is something so *peaceful* in the very presence of the great, loving, old musician that the dear child comes from him refreshed, and not excited and wearied. I am so grateful for it all, and it came so unexpectedly. It was so impossible to realize that J.'s life-long wish could ever be so fully realized,— that is, that she should know Liszt, and see and talk with him face to face every day, as well as listen to his wonderful instruction, illustrated by his graceful, music-giving fingers.

Our visit to Weimar has been at a most propitious season;

for we shall have an opportunity of seeing a real national festival. On the 10th (Wednesday), the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of the grand duke will be celebrated. A drama, composed by "Scheffel" for this occasion, will be given on the evening of the 9th; and concerts in the Goethe Park, a grand procession, and thirteenth century style of dress will be some of the interesting features of the celebration. All Weimar is in a state of excitement and preparation. Everybody seems anxious to make some offering to their much-beloved grand duke; and even the secluded old grandsons of Goethe have determined to unlock the doors of the poet's long-closed apartments (everything is just as Goethe left it), and allow visitors to come in. This is done as an especial favor to the grand duke during this holiday season. Are we not particularly fortunate to be here at this time?

Hoping you will have a most delightful summer, I will say good-by. May God bless and have you and your dear ones in his holy keeping is the prayer of,

Yours sincerely and affectionately,

OCTAVIA COCHRAN.

We will now see Mrs. Bush's home life as the shadow of grief comes. Her brother George, whom she loved with more than a sister's usual fondness, was smitten with sudden death just as he promised to enter upon a successful career as physician.

ROXBURY, November 9.

You will be saddened, dear Hannie, when I write you that our dear George's troubles and the cark and care of this life are over. He died on Saturday, the 6th; had been ill only a few days. F. received a letter from Dr. Lothrop on Saturday; but a telegram had come on Friday, saying he was very ill, and they were afraid that he would not remain.

Another came on Sunday, saying that he died at seven o'clock Saturday evening. His disease was inflammation of the liver. Mother bears it with firmness. We cannot mourn for George. The last five years have been so full of concentrated suffering that there was no peace or rest for him. It would have been better if he had more developed the spiritual life and cultivated the religious feeling; but we will trust and hope that he is saved from further temptation.

ROXBURY.

We feel, dear Hannie, that Aunt Hill can only be with us a short time longer. Within the last twenty-four hours, a great change has come over her. We sent for the doctor yesterday. He told us there was nothing to be done. He did not think she would suffer at all, and he could not tell how long it would be before the last change. I am sure we should be grateful to our heavenly Father when he raises the veil, and lets her pass to the higher world, where, the body cast aside, the beautiful, unselfish spirit will expand into its higher proportions. The last four years have been like a terrible incubus upon her. Not a gleam of sunshine has irradiated them. What a flood of bright light will pour upon the darkened soul! Aunt Harriet will stay with us till the dear spirit has passed on, and it will be a great comfort to have her. Dear mother is nicely. I think her much better, and she always bears trials so nobly.

After a beautiful old age, Mrs. Foster passed away while they were in the Stone Cottage.

MONTREAL, Jan. 6, 1869.

My dear Oda,— Your letter of last week was truly welcome, relieving us of great anxiety on your account; for we were daily expecting a letter, and, not hearing, we began to fear that you were prostrated by all the anxiety and fatigue

of the last few months, and, when the pressure was removed, that your strength had entirely failed. Thank God, you were sustained through so great a trial, and had the heart-felt satisfaction of ministering so tenderly to the dear invalid through so many months of weariness and pain. To you and dear Hannah was given the privilege of watching to the last hour; and the comfort your presence imparted to the dear and loving mother will ever remain a blessed and holy memory. I cannot yet realize that she has left us, that her bright and pleasant room is vacant, and that the genial and loving friend and companion of life-long years will never greet us again with her cordial welcome. How much you must miss her,— the daily care and the constant pleasure of her visible presence! Even with your spiritual faith, dear Oda, and bright views of a future life, it will be hard to reconcile yourself to the loss of one so dear and so worthy to be dearly loved. We recall her last visit to us here with so much pleasure. It was such a delight for Lizzie to welcome her to her own house, and I think your mother enjoyed being here again. The children all loved her tenderly. She was to them the model of a true woman, and she was always so kind and thoughtful for them. I hardly know whether they loved or admired her the most. . . . Yet we, darling, who loved her so truly and so well, cannot but feel how sad a void is left in our hearts and lives by her departure. I look back through the long years and all the vicissitudes of life, and I can recall no word of coldness, no thought or act which was not generous, sisterly, and unselfish. A sister in deed and in heart, a daughter and a wife most lovely and beloved, she came into our hearts and home; and, if born into the family, she could not have been dearer to us all. We are very grateful for her kind and generous remembrance of Aunt E. and myself. It was wholly unexpected; and

we fully appreciate the loving, thoughtful, and sisterly affection which prompted the kind and liberal bequest.

Lovingly yours,

AUNT HARRIET.

Later, one of Mrs. Foster's old friends writes thus to the daughter: —

BURLINGTON, June 1, 1869.

My dear Mrs. Bush,— You have often been in my thoughts since I knew your dearly loved mother had left you. I know how much we lose when the tie is severed that bound our hearts to a beloved parent. In your case, dear friend, there is so much to enjoy in the reflection of being permitted to minister to your mother's happiness, and living in perfect harmony for many years.

I have rarely known a person who was so lovely in character as your dear mother. You can feel that she has truly entered into a higher life. Blessed is the memory of one so excellent!

Still another writes: —

All whose privilege it was to know that mother can realize the daughter's loss. You must have the most blessed of memories, and a conscience that the very saints of heaven can smile upon: "Well done, good and faithful *daughter.* The care of your willing hands and devoted heart is over, and to the very letter of the law of love have you fulfilled its requisitions."

The death of Mrs. Kellogg by the wreck of the steamer "City of Columbus" was a shock to Mrs. Bush, but she bore it bravely. As the former had for years been an inmate of the family of the latter, the

two had been very closely associated together. In a letter to her English friend, Miss Chambres, she writes:

9 Park Square, March 15, 1884.

I was just on the point of writing you two months ago when a great sorrow came to me. My only sister, many years younger than myself, was in the ill-fated "City of Columbus"; and it scarcely seemed as if the echo of her good-by had died away when we heard that we should never again see her on earth. At first I feared the horrors of the wreck would be so linked with the thought of her that I should have none of the consolation of memory; but it has not been so. It seems as if merciful love had veiled them from me, so I am not disquieted by them; and I have the comfort of feeling that she had no suffering in passing on to the higher life, as the steward told Mr. Bush he knew that she never left her stateroom. My son and hers, who is also a physician, are confident by the appearance that she received a blow upon the head when the steamer struck upon the rock. We had, too, the satisfaction of receiving back the beloved form from the ruthless waves, and could place her with the dear ones gone before, which was a solace denied to all but a very few of those who had lost their friends. You can well understand what a shock it was. I have been able to keep busy in work which seemed for her, which has helped me much. She was very much interested in a fair in Jacksonville, Fla., and was to have had charge of the "Boston Table." She took many things with her that we had made; but of course these were lost, and our friends joined with us in doing all the time allowed. The fair, or bazaar, has taken place, and has been successful, the ladies realizing $2,000, and the profits from the "Boston Table" the officers of the hospital have used in furnishing a room and free beds, to be called the "H. B. Kellogg Ward," thus coupling her name

with the charitable work in which she was so deeply interested. This has been another solace, and we have needed all we could have. The greatest, perhaps, has been that we could realize the truth of our Whittier's words: —

"Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought:
Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel,
The good die not.

"God calls our loved ones, but we love not wholly
What he hath given!
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly also
As in his heaven.

"Alone unto our Father's will
One thought has reconciled,
That He whose love excelleth ours
Hath taken *home* his child."

Again to another, written a few days earlier: —

MARCH 10, 1884.

Her preparations for Christmas made her so happy. Things went right for her, and the christening of the little grandchild was such a pleasure to her. I am so grateful that she had the delight of welcoming the little thing into the world of mingled joy and sorrow; and every day, when she came home from her visit to him, she was so happy about him, found a new charm in every smile and change of mood. I am so glad that she blessed and kissed him.

A little later she again writes: —

I am certain you would come and see me and my picture [of Mrs. Kellogg]. It is perfectly lifelike; and we sit down before it, and feel that she is sharing in all our converse, that her home is still our home, as I am sure it is. Her

heart and soul must be with us often. . . . We are going as usual to Needham, back to the old place at Mrs. W.'s. She will seem so near to us there, too, and I am sure will be pleased to have us there.

VILLA ALEXANDRIA, February 9.

Dear Mrs. Bush,— Many thanks for your kind response to my letter, and the pleasant words of Mrs. Kellogg and myself. I seldom meet any one I was so drawn to as her dear self, and all seems to me a dream of last year. But God is good, and took her, beloved as she was; but, when we think of the short separation, we are comforted. Yes, indeed: I will like her photograph very much, though I have a sweet picture of her in my mind that I am sure will not fade as long as the mind can retain memories.

Trusting I may have the pleasure of meeting you, I remain,

Yours truly,

M. MITCHELL.

7 PARK AVENUE, N.Y., Dec. 30, 1884.

My dear Mrs. Bush,— How can I thank you enough for your loving surprise in this beautiful presence of dear Hannah? My heart temperature rose up many degrees as I looked once more upon that true and loving face, which typifies all she was as *friend*, *sister*, and *mother*. The likeness seems perfect,— her eyes so genial and lifelike it seems as if she must break out in some of her characteristic mirthfulness, and then, again, her earnestness on all good and loyal things. It must be a great comfort to you to have her so visibly before you, although I well know your heart holds all that can be tenderly cherished of her. It is one kind of comfort to me to look and think of her in this *repose;* and I turn directly away from this first anniversary of *how* she left us, God lifting her up to that "higher home" where we are so often laying up our "treasures" beyond the rust and

wear of time. There so recently our heavenly Father has taken my *dearly beloved* sister, my *mother*-sister, whom to part from was like rending apart my soul. The conflict of submission was hard to endure, but all selfish desire was checked when I knew so well it was *her* happiness and eternal joy to enter in to the higher life and zeal of God's work she had achieved by so much *faithfulness* and love here. Much as the great loss presses oftentimes, and my affection calls out for hers, I love to think of her as beyond the *shadows*, *free* from conflicts and trials of this life, which perfected her patience, although their presence was as all trials are; but she had grown beautifully *beyond them*, and the sunset of her life was bright and always filling with cheerfulness for every one, and so she has left a sunny track of light, to brighten and comfort her *great* loss. Now I more often find myself thinking more of her *welcome* at the "*Mystic Gate*,"

> "Which is the end of toil and strife,—
> To weary ones the *Gate of Life*."

More and more I know now how great the void has been to you, and how serene and deep must faith be, to "wait the opening of the pearly gate," and cover our loss with the joy we *have had* and still look forward to. What treasures we are laying up in heaven! loss that is ultimate gain!

Your loving friend, C. H.

V.

PUBLIC CHARITIES.

EARLY in 1864, Mrs. Bush moved to Roxbury, as her husband then took the editorial charge of the *Christian Register*. The regret she felt on leaving Medfield was alleviated by the fact that in this change she could make a home for her mother and aunts. The rest of her life was spent in Roxbury and Boston, with the exception of a brief trip to Europe and the months in the summer and early autumn which for many years she passed at Needham. Her residence at the focus of so many public charities enabled her to take part in those in which she was specially interested. She had read Whittier and heard Phillips and Garrison, and her natural detestation of slavery was intensified. So, when Lincoln's proclamation appeared, she heartily rejoiced.

As a consequence of this long existing anti-slavery conviction, her attention was arrested from the beginning by the colored industrial school at Hampton. Soon after she came to Roxbury, she opened her parlors to General Armstrong, and invited her friends to hear him present his appeal for aid. She always supposed that the report which she gave of this meeting to her cousin, Stephen Williams, of Roxbury, first awakened his mind to the value of the school, and that this prepared him to give heed to General Marshall's subsequent conversations, which resulted in a legacy of $20,000 to that institution.

The Roxbury Home for Aged Women and Children was one of her pet charities. She was identified with it almost from its beginning, and for many years was one of its directors and at one time its vice-president. She delighted to visit the old ladies, and she took a personal interest in each of them. Often with book and a few goodies she would go and spend an afternoon with them, either in reading or conversation. She warmly presented its claims for aid to those of her friends who were wealthy, with the hope that they would in their wills remember this unpretending but very deserving institution. After her death, her husband received the following from a committee of the Home: —

Dear Mr. Bush,— At the last meeting of the managers of the Roxbury Home, we were chosen to express to you their deep sense of your bereavement and their sympathy in your loss. The sad duty would more fittingly have fallen to the few remaining members of our board whose privilege it was to be associated with Mrs. Bush in her many years of cheerful and loving service to the Home and its inmates; but, unfortunately, none of these ladies were present.

We feel ourselves a feeble substitute, and any words we can offer seem a weak expression of our sympathy in the removal of one who has for so many years borne with you this life's sorrows and joys and shared your aspirations and labors for the good of your fellow-men.

Very faithfully yours,

Lucina F. Tripp.
Anne M. Haines.

Roxbury, Sept. 20, 1888.

When Miss Carpenter visited this country in 1873, she interested many of her friends in her work for the elevation of women in India. At a meeting held at the house of Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, an association was formed; and Mrs. Bush was chosen secretary and treasurer. This was an object in which her sympathies were enlisted; for she had learned much of the degradation of the women of India from those who had lived in that country. By personal solicitation and correspondence, she tried to interest others. Miss Carpenter, on her return home, sent her the following: —

RED LODGE HOUSE, BRISTOL, April 21, 1875.

I have been desirous to hear that you are doing something for the Association. I hope that the journals interest you, and show that considerable progress is being made. You will perceive by the last journal that we are wishing to find in various cities of the United States gentlemen or ladies who will give information and friendly notice of any Hindus or Parsees who may be again travelling in your country. I have written to Mr. Ware on the subject, and wished him to confer with you.

Can you not circulate more journals? Hoping for your early answer, I remain, dear Mrs. Bush,

Yours truly,

MARY CARPENTER.

Mrs. Bush replied to the above letter, and there was a continued correspondence between them. Among other means of carrying on the work of the Association, it was voted to send a box to India, containing articles both useful and ornamental, in the hope that they would be serviceable in educating the women of India

in the industrial arts. Though there was lack of a general interest in this Association, Mrs. Bush, aided by Mrs. Wells and a few others, was able to collect the articles. She made many herself, and packed the box with her own hands. Before sending it, she mailed a letter, in which she wrote that, though the articles were not of any great value, they "will serve to express the sympathy and interest with which every effort to elevate the women of your land is regarded by the friends of enlightened humanity in this far-distant country." On the receipt of this letter, the subjoined reply was at once sent: —

BARAHANAGAR, North of Calcutta, 16 April, 1874.

My dear Madam, — Tears of joy rolled down my cheeks when I read the contents of your letter. That words of sympathy should come to our feeble attempt for the social and moral elevation of our country men and women from the other hemisphere, and encourage us to do our work more successfully, is indeed very cheering to us. . . . We have no other claims on your kindness but that of humanity, and therefore the kindness shown by you and your friends to us and to our work has been the still more deeply felt. . . . We have here two girls' schools, — a very simple statement to those who know not the state of society in this country. There was a very strong public opinion against female education eight years before; and the first female school, established here some twelve years ago, encountered an amount of persecution which Western countries cannot conceive. . . . My wife has been deeply moved with your kindness to us. She desires me to tender to your committee her best regards, in which I beg also to join. I remain, dear madam,

Yours very sincerely,

SASIPADA BANERJEE.

The box was delayed, and did not reach Calcutta until August. The following was sent in acknowledgment: —

BARAHANAGAR, North of Calcutta, 11 August, 1874.

My dear Madam,— I beg most thankfully to acknowledge the receipt of the box which you kindly sent me by ship "I. G. Pendleton, Borgue." The contents have given us very great pleasure. The bead toy-box is greatly admired by all here, as people in this country cannot even believe that blind girls can prepare such wonderful things. I have placed it among curiosities in my drawing-room. Friends here desire me to inform you that they feel themselves very much obliged to you for the trouble you took to collect the valuable presents which you have been pleased to send us. The crochet and embroidery works which you have kindly sent us are great instructors to our ladies, and they are therefore valuable additions to my collections. The stereoscopic views and the vast quantity of valuable pictures show to our people a new life. Mrs. Hinkley's wax rose is a beautiful specimen of art. I want words to express to you how very thankful I am to you and to your committee thus to send us sympathy and encouragement in our works across seas and oceans.

The elevation of the working class is the uppermost thought in my mind. I have started an illustrated paper, *The Indian Workman*, for their improvement. It is selling for less than half-penny. This is a new movement in this country. Eight thousand copies are published in every issue, so that there is a great demand. I am doing all I can to keep it up; but it is very difficult and expensive, so much so that many wish that I should give it up. But I see clearly that the paper is destined to give a new life in Hindu society; and as such it is and shall ever remain my earnest endeavor to keep it in existence.

I hear almost every fortnight from Miss Carpenter.

With best regards, in which my wife gladly joins, I remain, dear madam,

Yours very sincerely,

SASIPADA BANEYERS.

A second box was sent some time after, and the interest in this work waned. Mrs. Bush's strength began to fail. So the Association, after its brief history and labors, passed into history as a memory and an influence.

Mrs. Bush was thoroughly American in her feelings. She was familiar with the history of the country, and loved everything connected with the annals of its past life. Hence she joined those ladies who were working to preserve the Old South Church, and gave to this cause a zealous support. In one of the fairs, she and her sister, Mrs. Kellogg, had a Florida Table, made up of articles which they ordered from the Land of Flowers; and the proceeds helped to swell the amounts received. When the Carnival of Authors was suggested, she eagerly seconded the idea. It appealed alike to her sense of beauty and her benevolence, and she proposed to aid it by issuing every day during this unique entertainment a *Carnival Transcript*. The committee at once approved of the suggestion, and she made all the arrangements for its publication. She took the entire charge of the paper, wrote its editorials, one or two original stories, and the descriptions of the various booths. She superintended the publication of the extracts from the authors which illustrated the scenes and persons, and attended to all the details in-

volved in the issue of a daily paper. It rendered important service; and one day the demand for the *Carnival Transcript* was so great that another issue had to be printed. At the close of the carnival, she received the following: —

The Executive Committee of the Carnival of Authors instruct their Secretary to convey to Mrs. Bush their acknowledgments for the valuable service rendered them by her editorship of the *Carnival Transcript.*

They beg leave to offer their most cordial thanks for Mrs. Bush's kind co-operation, together with their congratulations upon the entire success of the undertaking.

(Signed) M. L. Tincker,
for the Committee.

Boston, January, 1879.

The New England Women's Hospital had in her a fast friend. She felt very keenly the need of such an institution, and was fully alive to the good service this one was doing. For several years she had a table at the annual fairs, and during one of these issued a daily paper called the *Hospital Waif.* One of its features was the printing of a series of "Hospital Notes," in which a visitor is taken through the various wards of the Hospital and, being introduced to the inmates, learns their personal history, the nature of their ailments, how skilfully and kindly they are treated, and the many ways by which their pains are alleviated. In fact, in these "Hospital Notes" we have the interior features of the institution photographed, so that the reader can get a vivid conception of its beneficent work. The claims which the Hospital has for support were also powerfully presented. Mrs.

Bush as editor and manager took the entire charge of this paper, and besides the editorials contributed several original stories. It proved a novel feature, and added to the general interest. At another time, by personal arrangements with friends at Fayal, she had a Fayal Table, which was attractive for the beauty and variety of its articles for sale. It proved both an attractive and profitable venture. Even after she was unable to take a table, she continued to use her nimble fingers in making articles of taste and beauty. In a letter to a friend she writes: "I have been very busy at work for the New England Women's Hospital. They have a fair next week. I can Kensington in bed, so I have accomplished a good deal for one lone, shingly body. I was invited to take a table. I felt I must do all I could."

The St. Luke's Hospital at Jacksonville, Fla., was associated with the memory of her sister, Mrs. Kellogg. The latter had been an active worker for this institution during her winter residence in Jacksonville, and had taken with her on her trip in the ill-fated steamer "Columbus" various articles for the approaching fair. After Mrs. Kellogg's death, Mrs. Bush regarded that interest as a sacred legacy. The officers of the Hospital, as a testimonial of Mrs. Kellogg's labors, had founded a Kellogg Ward in the Hospital; and during the rest of her life Mrs. Bush every year sent her contribution, and in her will left it a legacy of $250. Mrs. Alexander Mitchell, the president of the Hospital, thus writes: —

Villa Alexandria, December 31, 1889.

Dear Mr. Bush,— Every year since dear Mrs. Kellogg's death, Mrs. Bush has sent us a large box, filled with beau-

tiful and useful articles, with sometimes money. The sales of the articles and money have been used in keeping a memorial room,* where the unfortunate who have no money can feel at home and be cared for as though they had plenty. Indeed, we take all respectable people, without money or price. We have four rooms absolutely paid for every year.

Mrs. Bush's letters were so kind and sympathetic, they gave me courage and comfort, and I hoped every year I should have the great pleasure of meeting her. I always thought of her as "the sweet presence of a good diffused."

I hope I may meet her if I have the bliss to

> "Join the choir invisible,
> Whose music is the gladness of the world."

In addition to the above, she aided many other charities by her small annual gifts of money, and her purse was always open to the full extent of her limited income. She often wished she had more, simply because it would enable her to help deserving objects and those who were in personal need.

* Called the "Kellogg Room."

VI.

INTELLECTUAL CHARACTERISTICS.

The bent of Mrs. Bush's mind was literary and æsthetic. In her intellectual development, she owed little to schools. Her mental powers were stimulated by private reading and study, and grew by their own activity. Poetry, novels, the drama, biography, and history were her special favorites. She loved painting and sculpture with the enthusiasm of a devotee. She wrote with ease, grace, and facility of expression. Her more careful sketches will be found in the *Knickerbocker*, *Garland*, *Dew Drop*, and other magazines. For several years she had charge of the Home Department of the *Christian Register*, and wrote a large number of stories for the young. She enjoyed intensely the society of the gifted, and welcomed the intellectual stimulant derived from this intercourse. Naturally endowed with quick powers of observation, she describes what she sees with graphic and picturesque vividness. The letters and extracts from her journal which follow were dashed off on the spur of the moment, and have not the exactness or finish of style which mark her articles for the press. Still, they are characteristic, and give an illustration of her thought and mode of expression:

Mammoth Cave House, June 3, 1859.

Here we are at this memorable place, dear ones, luxuriating in one of the loveliest days God ever made. Yesterday

morning, as soon as breakfast was over, we dressed ourselves in the cave costume, which most resembles the bath dress,—short, full pants, and a turban wreathed around the head. We formed a party of sixteen, which added much to the interest, as each one carried a torch, which served to light up the whole scene, and gave a grand and picturesque effect as we went along the various defiles or grouped ourselves in the vast halls of this subterranean wonder.

We took the long route the first day. It is called nine miles each way, which gives eighteen miles of walking; but I don't think it could be so much as that. At eight, we found ourselves at the mouth of the cave. A change of twenty degrees at least in temperature is perceived as you descend toward it. Its entrance recalls all the classic tales you have read of the descent into Avernus; and you almost expect to see a Cerberus spring forth to guard the opening. After descending about fifty steps, you enter the first vestibule, where you receive your torches, and soon leave behind you the last glimmering light of day. It is useless for me to give you any idea of it. Its vastness and grandeur far surpass the conception I had formed of it; but it has not half the beauty or grace which I expected to find. Some of our party carried Bengal lights, which they touched off at points of the greatest interest, and the effect was certainly marvellous. I enjoyed as much as any part the row on Echo River, the stream between one and two hundred feet wide and forty feet deep, noiseless as the grave. Part of the way the heavy stone ceiling was so low that we were obliged to put our heads as far below as possible to avoid touching it. At other points it rose arching up like the dome of some large cathedral. Our black Charon rowed us for nearly a mile from point to point of this silent river, now rounding a rock, now shooting past dark corners. We were really sorry to land. We were obliged to take the boats three times,—

first to cross the Styx, then Lake Lethe, then up Echo Lake. The ascent of the Rocky Mountain pass was very wild and grand, and led us to one of the most spacious rooms, the dome rising in solid masonry fifty feet or more. The walls were covered with exquisite formations of gypsum, assuming the form of flowers and fruit; while around more massive pillars were stalactites and stalagmites. In one corner was the depth of depths, a pit rounded out from the descending rock nearly two hundred feet into the very bowels of the earth, and you could hear the water trickling into it. A bright light was placed near it, and a Bengal light thrown down into it. The effect was perfectly marvellous. How long it was before this Bengal light reached the bottom! I could have lingered here for hours in this room, enjoying the grandness of the scene; but we had little time to spare. We were eleven hours on our feet passing from one apartment to another. I assure you we felt weary enough when we came out. I thought I should not care to try the "short route" or ever go in again. But to-day I am fresher, and we take the short route after dinner.

When I see you again, I can perhaps give you some idea of the wonders; and yet that is impossible. No human conception can realize its vastness or grandeur. I think it is a pity writers have endeavored to make it so lustrous and resplendent, because that must disappoint every one. The gypsum formations are exquisitely beautiful to examine, and many of them stand out in bold relief: the fair petals of the white lily, the long stamens of the cactus, the full leaves of the rose, are easily traced; but the mass is so black and defaced by smoke and oxide of iron that there is no brilliancy to it. It would have been a significant place for the forty thieves; and I could think of nothing but a troop of bandits as we wound along, now defiling through a narrow pass, now gathered in eager consultation over some point of interest.

I think I do not exaggerate at all when I say a hundred thousand people might be in this place and wholly unconscious of each other's presence,— no sound reaching you. There are passes which a few men could defend against an army. "Fat Man's Misery" is a narrow pass, winding for more than a quarter of a mile through smoothly cut rocks, looking as if wrought by the chisel, and through which an ordinary-sized man could not walk with any comfort. In the Valley of Humiliation you pass under an archway for more than a quarter of a mile, smoothly polished as if by the mason; but you must bend more than half your form.

[*Letter from Niagara.*]

JUNE 30, 1859.

We passed yesterday at Niagara, in full enjoyment of the glorious scene around us. I had prepared myself to be disappointed in the falls, as I had heard most people were at first. I believe I enjoyed them more for that. They exceed in beauty all the idea I had formed of them. It is heavenly beauty; the very spirit of God seems resting upon them. They seem to me a fit throne for him, their Creator. I want to see them more now than I have ever done before. I think, if I had money, I should build a little summer cottage above them, where I could look ever upon them in their changing loveliness. You will be surprised, dear mother, when I tell you I was constantly thinking of you and father; and why do you think it was? When I was a child, you went with him to see these wondrous falls, and you brought home to me a sprig of the arbor vitæ, or cedar, which grows around in such luxuriance, and hence you both have been associated with Niagara in my mind. Last evening I saw such a glorious sunset from the Cataract House, worth going many miles to see for its exquisite beauty of coloring; and, when there were added to it this other glory of the falling water

and its graceful mist-robe colored by the delicate tints of the rainbow, it seemed too magnificent for earth. It was a beatific vision. After the daylight was passed, I sat upon the piazza of the house, which was placed directly over the rapids, and watched the crested waves, and listened to the deep, rich music till I was really elevated in spirit, and felt I could say, "Thy will be done," to our Father, the Creator of such wonder and beauty.

This morning I was up early, and marched out by myself over to Goat's Island, wishing to go out over the falls to Prospect Tower. It was a long walk, but I enjoyed it. It was through quiet woods,— no sound but the native song of the birds, and they seemed so tame, flew so near me, and lured me along by their sweet song. I was enjoying so much the perfect quiet and sense of isolation, when all at once I saw at a little distance, directly at the place I was to descend, a horrid-looking vagabond, with torn clothes, a big stick in his hand, and all the *et ceteras* which make up our idea of a rowdy villain, and I dared not in that perfect seclusion encounter him. I at first hid myself behind a clump of trees; but, fearing he might see the flitting of my robe or catch a glimpse at me in some way, I turned and hastily retraced my steps. After I had gone a mile, I met a carriage with gentlemen and ladies, and, knowing they would go to the spot I wished so much to see, I struck into a side path, once more found myself in the desired spot, but entirely alone. The vagrant could not be seen, the carriage and horses had disappeared, and the descent of a few stairs brought me on a long platform running directly over a part of the fall, and on it I passed, walking alone, almost blinded by the spray, till I reached the end. I was getting so hot I concluded not to ascend the tower, which I have regretted. In the morning light all was so beautiful: the wind was high, dashing the spray with such power and grace the

fall was crossed with a rainbow which rested like a beauteous thing upon its brow, contrasting exquisitely with the rich green of its waters.

NORTHAMPTON.

I wish you were with me, drinking in the exquisite loveliness of this place, the constant variety which the mountains offer. They are a study like an expressive changeful face which bewitches with its ever-shifting beauty. This morning neither Mt. Tom nor Mt. Holyoke is awake. Their nightcaps of delicate mist are wreathed around their brows, and no smile of sunlight has yet touched them with its quickening life. It is a study to watch them as fold by fold of this ethereal veil rolls away, and soon the graceful rounded forms will stand revealed in all their calm beauty,— of the world and yet above it.

We had the most exquisite ride I think I ever took, last night after tea. We had had a magnificent shower and the most perfect rainbow I ever saw, reminding me of the one in Inness's picture which was so much canvassed. Everything was fresh, the raindrops glistened on the trees. We rode through miles of ferny woods, the laurel every now and then lifting up its waxen flowers for our admiration. We went to the beautiful town of Easthampton. It is a lovely place, full of attractive residences, the home of wealth and luxury; but, though much more elegant, I did not like it as well as Florence, which we went to see the day before. The latter was a model town, a factory place, too, but the workingmen's houses so neat and pretty, the men, the workers, out on their lawns playing croquet with their wives and children, the gardens well cultivated, no *splendid* houses, but everything speaking of general culture and refining influences. The one place looks narrow and sectarian, the other broad and liberal.

I have been playing truant again, and have passed it at Cambridge. It was Commencement Week, and, being anxious to be there at Phi-Beta, I accepted the invitation so cordially proffered by Cousin H., and on Tuesday went over. I enjoyed the week much. The society of the family would of itself be sufficient to render it delightful; and when to that was added the various attractions of Commencement Week, the fine music, the good exercises, the levee at Mrs. Quincy's for the first day, Mr. Hedge's admirable production, and Mr. Ingersol's sparkling poem for Phi-Beta, and the meeting of many agreeable persons who congregate there and call the mind into exercise,— with all this, it might well be deemed pleasant. . . . I formed quite an interesting acquaintance with Miss O., who stayed a day or two with us. I pitied her for her isolated situation, a stranger in a strange land, with but few to sympathize with her. High-spirited, intellectual, and refined, she will have much to contend with; and I can scarcely wonder she feels, as she expressed it, as if she had lost the sense of enjoyment. Nothing yields her pleasure. It is not the right feeling perhaps, but it is a natural one. Religion can alone gild the dark paths in which so many feet are born to wander.

Oak Lodge, Needham, July 24.

A singular question has just presented itself to my mind. Perhaps you can solve it. I have been peering round for a rainbow, which, by all laws of nature and science, should have been visible, for the sun shone and a silvery rain was gently falling; but, alas! no brilliant arch was painted upon the soft, billowy sky. Why was it? The only theory that presents itself to my mind is that, since the dead colors have been in fashion, since faded blue, washed out pink, fainting green, have been in vogue, the bright rainbow hues, fearing they should be voted "vulgar" if they dared to appear in their vivid beauty, determined to retire altogether from com-

petition, and wait till the fearfully ugly browns, duns, and reds had been remanded to their former seclusion, and then the rich colors of the Tyrian loom will reassert themselves. How is that for a theory, Mistress M.? You will upset it with one touch of your reasoning faculty.

LONDON, June 3, 1881.

Mr. B. read to me last evening from "Thomas Didymus." It is a wonderful book, full of power and beauty. What Mr. Clarke read to us at the vestry and published in the *Register* gives a very faint idea of it. I wish you would all read it. It makes many a dark place wonderful with its lucid explanations and its full knowledge of those times. I feel as if I would like to read it in Westminster Abbey. So grand a book with so grand a theme deserves to be read in a grand place.

We give next a number of extracts from letters to an English friend, Miss M. A. Chambres, of whom mention is made elsewhere: —

9 PARK SQUARE, May 5, 1882.

We did not hear Mr. Haweis when in London, whose thought of Longfellow you quote. We have regretted it much. Mr. Martineau, I think it was, or Miss F. P. Cobbe, wanted us very much to hear him, but time did not hold out for everything. I was sure our Longfellow would be mourned in England. His lovely poems have become household words there almost as in his own country; but he is idolized here, particularly by young people and children. He never wrote a word he could regret. He purified everything he touched; and that is what I think true poetry should do. I must acknowledge a horror of poets of passion like Swinburne and Oscar Wilde. I think they do great harm to the young mind, which is so susceptible to good or ill impressions. And now Emerson has gone,— our

poet philosopher, the first encourager of your Carlyle. He lived a lovely life and had a tranquil death. It was touching to know that the very afternoon when he passed on to the higher life some school children in Ohio were planting an Emerson grove. Last year they planted a Longfellow grove, and the next (D.V.) it will be a Whittier or Lowell or some other of our poets or historians, whose name will be given to a grove planted in remembrance of them. There never has been a year when we have lost so many of our great and good men. We can only trust others will rise up to take their places: it is always so in the providence of God.

OAK LODGE, NEEDHAM, Aug. 7, 1883.

I always regret that you were not able to see more of the East. You swept the West and caught its great possibilities; but I think you would have enjoyed seeing the advance we in the Eastern States had made in the higher civilization. We, of course, have our trying problems here as you have. It seems to me that capital and labor is to be the next one to come up for settlement. The telegraphers' strike has aroused such an interest all over the country. They have conducted themselves so admirably,— no violence, no threats, only a withdrawal from work till their rights are respected. They certainly get inadequate pay for their services, which require good brains as well as skilled hands. The corporations which employ them grow richer and richer, while the operatives have no chance to more than supply present wants, without putting anything by for the education of their children and the care of themselves if they get sick and old. It seems to me not right that capital should have all the advantages and the operatives none but the labor and bare livelihood, for they are mutually dependent.

Miss Robinson's brochure on Mr. George which you sent us we enjoyed reading very much, and thought it clear and

well put. I think I should agree with her in her views. I feel as if a great wrong is done by capital to labor in not giving the latter a larger share in the profits. My impression is that in Rochdale, Saltaire, and in some of our own manufacturing places, the right principle has been touched. Let the workman be able to look forward to an improvement in his position, let him earn enough by fair pay to get a small homestead where his family can know they have a *home*, and then he will have some ambition to make it a comfortable home. As you say, if the world was allotted equally to people, it would be only a short time before the inequalities would reappear: some would begin to grow rich, and others poor. But it does seem as if Christianity should lead us to a solving of the dreadful question of pauperism, and teach us how to raise the degraded; and it would, if the pomps of life had not got such possession of the higher, the wealthier classes. I think MacDonald in many of his books has struck the true key-note; and I am glad to find that in England, and in London particularly, the Church is awaking to its duties in this respect. I hope a trumpet peal will go forth from the "Motherland" which shall rouse us all to bring about an uplifting.

NEEDHAM, June 29, 1884.

I have just given, my dear Miss Chambres, to a young friend going to Europe, a small copy of Whittier to mail for you. He is truly an American poet. He has not the beauty and metrical grace of your Tennyson or our Longfellow, or the exquisite word-painting of Bryant; but he is so full of faith, and his spirit is so noble and deeply imbued with the beauty of nature. Just before her death, your Mrs. Gaskell read "The Gayworthys," one of our novels. She expressed her satisfaction with it, and said, "Now I feel as if I had tasted the very flavor of American life." And it is very much so with Whittier. He is the embodiment in verse

of our New England life before the war. I hope you will enjoy reading the poems, but do not expect much metrical beauty. It is for the spirit that fills them that I love them.

I thank you for copying the extract from Mr. Underwood's article on Whittier. Every word of it is true. I have met the poet often, and talked with him. He is simple as a child in manner, with something of the Quaker stiffness and rigidity about his appearance; but he has every noble and gentle quality of heart and mind, and, though seventy-eight years old, keeps a living interest in every subject of the day. We have just been reading the biography of W. H. Channing, which carried us back to our visit in London as we saw him then. It is a most interesting life, poetic and dreamy, with high aspirations and a lofty ideal, but not quite practical enough for this world. He wanted to carry out the true Christ life in all our institutions, and it seems to me that is the aim of your MacDonald. His books show so strongly the divergence between the belief in and the real living out the Christian precepts.

This winter we have read George Eliot's biography by Mr. Cross, and found it very interesting. She was a wonderful woman. Oh, if she could only have been great enough not to have listened to the charmer, and never entered into the doubtful connection with Mr. Lewes, it would have been a noble life. In reading it, one can see that she saw no wrong in it herself, and he, I doubt not, helped to develop her intellectually; but I do not think her writings were so high or noble after she became tinctured with his philosophy. To my mind, "Adam Bede" and "Stories of Clerical Life" are the most beautiful of her stories, though I see the artistic power of "Romola" and others.

Mr. B. read to me yesterday Mr. Hinton's valuable and most suggestive book. Of course, in many things he has a very different standpoint from ours from which to take his view. I think his grand idea of self-sacrifice, pain hardly being pain when it comes from any sacrifice of self, is truly ennobling.

We are grieved for your great loss in your brother-in-law, passing from your sight to the higher home. I am glad you do not like the word "death" in connection with the going beyond the veil. It always seems to me the new birth, the passing from care, pain, bereavements, sorrow of all kinds, into the sanctified life of full spiritual development, where progress toward perfection is the law, not the exception, as it too often is here. I wish I could recall those lovely lines of, I think, Mrs. Opie to her husband on their final separation here: the idea was the "good-night" here, the awakening in the other life with the "good morning." You probably remember it. In our *Eclectic Magazine* was published in May an article, I think from *Macmillan*, "The Little Pilgrim to the Silent Land." It was very touching, and, though of course ideal, was a picture that one might wish to have prove true of that home to which all spirits must go to reap the fruits of the life here.

NEEDHAM, Aug. 20, 1887.

I suppose you will watch with interest the race which is to decide the return of the cup. All report the "Thistle" as being a magnificent yacht, and I imagine our "Volunteer" will now have a struggle to keep up with her, splendid sailer as she is. We must necessarily be on opposite sides of this question. I cannot but wish this time to retain the cup far more than I did with either the "Genesta" or the "Galatea." I was almost divided in my wishes for them; but a remembrance of what the ship-builders on the Clyde did, and tried to do, at the time of our great trial, cannot but come up to

me, with the strong hope that their sloop may return without the Queen's Cup, and then another year, if a gallant English vessel comes over to win it back, I will *almost* give her all my wishes. My thoughts are somewhat on the races now, as I have two friends staying with me whose brother is a part owner of one of the finest schooner yachts in the world. When the race comes off, I will send you one of our illustrated papers, with an account of it. I had intended to speak of the most gratifying accounts of the Newnham students. Is it not delightful that the higher education of women is making such advances, and not detracting, only adding to their charm?

We are reading "Marble Faun," and find it very interesting,— not for the story, but for the exquisite art descriptions. The author carries you with him to Rome, he introduces you to all the people there, and makes you walk with him to the Catacombs, the Coliseum, the churches, the statues, and throws over all the misty charm which he knows so well how to drape over the most common things, giving them a poetic interest.

NEWPORT, August, 1862.

I sometimes fancy, dear Auntie, M. is with me,— as I wish she was,— and turn, as the waves break over me, to see that she has risen safely above them. The beach bathing has been charming ever since we came, the surf just right, and the whole scene so ludicrously amusing. I long to have you enjoying sniffs of this invigorating air. It has not yet done for my troublesome bread-chest what I hoped it would; but I am expecting every day it will exert its magic influence upon it. We had a charming ride from Providence; and, as soon as we arrived, Mr. Bush plunged into his letter for the London *Daily News*, and I went with Matilda to a meeting of ladies who were just forming an

association to furnish work for the women thrown out of employment by the stoppage of the factories and other causes. They are making arrangements to take government contracts for the clothing of the soldiers, and any other work they can get, and to supply all who are really requiring aid. It was a business meeting, and interested me very much. It was conducted in an orderly and parliamentary style, and I do not believe any twenty men could have kept more closely to the business before them than did these twenty ladies.

I received your letter at Newport. If you were here now, you would enjoy the gorgeous coloring and the exquisite beauty of everything. All that was most beautiful during your visit has increased sixfold since you were here.

In the biography of Dr. Gannett there is a letter from Mrs. Bush giving what the biographer terms a "vivid recollection of another scene in the anti-slavery times." For this she received at the time from the author a letter expressing his thanks and appreciation of the value of the contribution. After the book was published, he sent her a copy, with the following note: —

Dear Mrs. Bush,— Will you accept this book with my regards, and my hearty thanks, once more, for your help in making it? Truly yours,

W. C. Gannett.

155 Boylston Street, Feb. 16, 1875.

Boston, 9 Park Square.

I have been thinking I should see L. in here. I thought she would have to come to the city for a few weeks to get a breath of Boston air and culture! Mrs. Wells (K. G.) is

writing some admirable articles for the *Gazette.* I must try and send you the two numbers, and you will get Dr. Clarke's grand sermon, too. Her articles are on present society modes and fashions,—"The German," for instance. They are so good. She is about the most remarkable woman I know. She is a perfect housekeeper, wife, and mother, finds time to entertain all strangers and everybody else, and writes and speaks beautifully. She is a rare production; and I hope her father in the world above is able to enjoy what she does. I was annoyed when a lady, not a resident in Boston, but a visitor, and who had seen a good deal of society here, said to me: "Won't you tell me about Mrs. Wells? I hear it said that she does not pay attention to her home, does not attend to her husband." This lady had heard Mrs. Wells speak at our house, and was charmed with her; and she was greatly relieved when she found that she was a model wife and mother. There is a set of people in Boston who cannot seem to believe in the union of the highest literary culture and the domestic virtues. They find no fault if a woman gives herself up to society, goes to every ball, reception, etc., and dresses *exuberantly;* but, if she ventures to speak in public or to be interested in reforms, she is tabooed.

VII.

RELIGIOUS FAITH AND OPINIONS.

From her childhood the life of Mrs. Bush was rooted in religion. Her parents early sowed the spiritual seed, and her soul was fruitful and brought forth manyfold. She was deeply impressed with "the sweetness and light" of Jesus, and his spirit powerfully swayed her, and wrought an abiding work in the formation of her character. Her mind centred on the two great commandments of love to God and love to man; and, with the strength of a devotee, she accepted and applied the doctrines of the divine fatherhood and brotherhood of man. Whittier was one of her most cherished poets, because his writings accorded with her general conceptions of Christianity. When a child, she attended the ministry of Dr. Channing; but she was then too young to have been influenced by what she heard. The preaching of Dr. Ingersol, Dr. Cordner, and Dr. Putnam had more influence; and for each of these she had a very strong personal attachment. In her theological opinions, she was a pronounced Unitarian; and through her whole life she worked with an earnest interest for the advancement of this branch of the Christian Church. But, while she held to her religious opinions with a firm and positive conviction, she had a very broad and catholic spirit toward those who differed from her, and never let this difference

interfere with her friendships. She opened wide the doors of her mind, and welcomed what seemed to her true, wherever found. During the latter part of her life, she accepted "Spiritualism," because she thought it brought "all things beautiful and true in its time." "To my mind, since I became conversant of the truth of the early manifestations, the spiritual theory has seemed the most rational way of accounting for what I have seen." This was held as a part of her Christian faith, and to her mind it was a confirmation of the truth of immortality. Her journal is thoroughly characteristic. Her pen tells of what she is doing, the books she reads, the people she meets, the sick she visits, the lectures and sermons she hears. There is not a trace of morbid introspection, but abundant evidence of earnest endeavor for improvement, an all-pervading aspiration after a higher life, and heartfelt desires for a more complete consecration. The extracts from her journal and letters will illustrate the spirit of her religious opinions and faith: —

New Year's Day.— Another of the milestones reached, and we pause to look back upon the lost segment of life's journey. How have these twelve stages been passed? What good fruit can be shown as having been planted from the trees of experience and good resolutions which have grown in our path? Are we better than when, twelve months ago, we chronicled the New Year's wish for 1841? How few changes have passed over us! One cloud has darkened our horizon, and is now rushing over us. But it has already turned its silver lining forth upon the night, its edges are tinged with brightness; for the sweet, calm face which has taken possession of E. A. seems to have removed the

sting of death, and to make all peaceful about him. It is a sad opening for my dear auntie's New Year; but her heart and hands are strengthened as if by an angel from heaven.

Spent a week in Framingham. It is a beautiful village, with its winding river, its deep woods with their never-ending variety of light and shade, its glorious sunsets, lingering with their golden hues on the tops of the tall oaks, and resting on the summits of the hills which bound its horizon. . . . How can any one live among the works of His hands, among the creations of that sublime Mind, and not be raised and devoted? The heart, unless dead to all finer feelings, must be made purer. It is good for us to leave the busy haunts of men, where all is ambition, rivalry, thirst for aggrandizement, to retire to the quiet country nooks, where God will walk with us at noon-day and eventide.

I agree with you in finding no objection to the theory of a personal God. In fact, I could not have any religion worth the name to centre around, if the Creator of all the beauty that we see and know was not a being we could imagine to be spiritually personal. But you know I never trouble much about these things. All that I cannot explain or understand I leave for the present, secure that the future will make such mysteries plain.

I wish I could take the pleasure you do in going over such books as Norton's "Genuineness of the Gospels"; but I do not. I read it once, but should not care to again. Everything relating to Colenso always interested me very much. He took such a bold stand, and stood to it so manfully. I am sure you read Heber Newton's sermon on "Inspiration" in to-day's *Register* with intense interest. How thrilling some of the passages are! We ought to be lifted up by such words. Many of MacDonald's books are an inspiration to

me. For a long time after I read "Marquis of Lossie," I seemed to live in a higher, purer atmosphere. It is a comfort to feel that such teachings do have their effect, and that gradually (oh, very slowly!) the mass of earthliness, the moving power and all, are lifted up a little. Christian civilization is not a failure, though sometimes the outlook seems dark, particularly in these dynamite times.

I finished reading Furness on the Gospels, and have been delighted with much of it. Its style is very beautiful, and his portraiture of the Saviour's life touching and exquisite. But it seemed to me as if he was too reluctant to allow miraculous agency in the wonders wrought by Jesus' hand. He attributes too much to natural causes, at least too much for my early prejudices.

This evening I have been to Parker's lecture. It was on Christianity, and a most delightful one it was. There were many things in it to startle minds unprepared for it or strongly tinctured with Orthodoxy; but there is the stamp of truth so legibly written on his words and manner, and his reasoning is so conclusive, that to an unbigoted mind there is no escaping from his conclusions, even though the heart does still cling to the time-honored forms consecrated by having been so long the guide of the world's wisest and best.

Went to hear Parker's lecture. It was the least interesting and perhaps the most startling of any of them. It was on the Bible; and, though I think Mr. Parker reverences the Book as much as we do, yet he speaks in a manner that seems light and almost profane. He allows none of the books to be what they have always been considered,— divinely inspired,— and looks upon most of them as very faulty. It shocks old prejudices sadly; but I believe I am

getting callous to such things. I hope, though, my conscience is not becoming scarred and hardened.

Heard Mr. Parker's closing lecture. It was on the Church,— a brief but comprehensive view of the Church as it has been since the Saviour's time, some admirable remarks on its present state, so different from what it should be, some cutting satire, and a great deal of deep and holy feeling. We grieve at its being the last of the course, for they have been a rich treat.

She attended the Western Conference at Milwaukee in June, 1859, and writes : —

The Conference was opened by a Clarke-like sermon from J. F. C.,— simple and natural, of course, but imbued with his earnest spirit. It was on the Unitarian views, but without one fling at other sects. We enjoyed much the reports from the churches in the West. It is really wonderful how the seeds of Liberal Christianity are striking their roots deep into the Western soil. It must be, by and by, the prevailing religion of this grand New World. I do not mean simple Unitarianism, but the beautiful and true ideas which Liberal Christians hold,— the simple unity and loving Fatherhood of God, Christ the great exemplar and chosen of the Father, the power and necessity for Man to work out his own salvation, the union of labor and prayer, the sanctifying of everything with the spirit of Christianity, the brotherhood of man, and all the truths which grow out of these views. It was touching to hear some of these devoted Western men, those in the remote places, humble, unpretending, but working day and night, often without pay, for the good of hungry, needy souls.

A young minister at a conference in a conversation with Mrs. Bush awakened her interest in his work, and she writes thus to one of his parishioners: —

I had a long chat with Mr. ——. He feels very much the want of some one to whom he could go, and who would advise him about many things he does not know about. I think you might do this. He says about going to see people, etc., he has lived in such different parishes, and there is no one he feels like going to as a friend. I think you could help him so much if you would take the trouble to interest yourself and be cordial. The more I saw of him, the better I liked him; but he needs a kind friend who would be interested in his work.

The first day of June, half sunshine, half shadow, one of those days of flitting clouds, which are so full of inexpressible beauty. I feel as if I should like to put an anchor on this exquisite month and keep it from floating down the stream of time. You will laugh at me, perhaps; but I always think of the spiritual world as being always like these days of early June, no heat to oppress, nothing to clog the duties and progression of that higher life. "Fanciful," do you say? Well, I like such fancies: they make the future life more real, and certainly take no charm from this.

Mrs. —— came in. She is lovely, indeed. She is fast losing her hold on this world, and longing to take hold of another, but not exactly knowing how. I hope we shall be able to aid her a little. She has divided duties, and that is the hardest position to be in. Everything is conflicting even when there is only one duty before us; but when we know not what to do, or which of two things we ought to do, then it is a trial indeed, and needs strong faith, strong trust to carry us safely over.

November, 1885.— I was at Mr. Clarke's church this morning, and we had one of Mr. C.'s fine sermons on "All Souls." He has been giving a course of three,— "The Blameless Body," "The Blameless Mind," "The Blameless Spirit." I think I never knew his audience impressed as they were with the last. He seems to grow fresher every year.

We are just reading Garrison's Life, by his sons. It is full of interest, and has all the charms of romance. He was a true hero. Fifty years hence, people who read it will hardly credit the treatment to which he was subjected. He was one of Mr. Clarke's illustrations of a blameless spirit.

SARATOGA.

I think Foster will enjoy as much as you, dear Solon, "Sister Dora's Life," which I shall send by to-day's mail. It is so full of surgical and medical details which will interest him, while the heroism and Christianity, the self-sacrifice, of the woman, will interest you. After you have read it, I wish you would take it out to Miss E. I think it would pass away some of her weary hours. The book must be an inspiration to many a young heart panting for something worthy of life to do. Not one in ten thousand would have the physical strength to accomplish what Sister Dora did; and I think it was a great fault in her character that she did do so much, for she must have shortened her life by it. She was such a happy woman. Who would not give much for a record one tithe as noble?

What made you, when you were ill, take up such a book as "Les Misérables"? You ought to have read things bright and amusing, not what would excite only pity, horror, and sad questionings, albeit it is illumined in some parts by the

almost supernal light of truth. I am very unlike you in one thing. I am not logical. When painful questions come up, which I know my finite knowledge cannot answer, I remand them imperatively to the future, and summon all the faith and trust I have to keep within me the assurance that "He who doeth all things well" will make all things right, and that the "seeming evil" here will educe perfect good in the at present unknown time to us. So I rest content, if I can see that those around me are keeping their swords girded to fight every wrong which they are forced to meet. Am I getting into heroics?

A. has left us; and how I sympathize with her! I felt so sorry for her to go back to the darkness and gloom of that family circle, which can only be typified by crape of the blackest dye. How wrong it seems to us, with our more enlightened views, to darken everything here because our beloved one has been removed to the realms of light, warmth, love, and growth!

I had a letter from E. He says his grandfather was not expected to live through the night. I hope he has passed on; for, if there is anything very sad and painful, it is the waiting and watching by a stricken-suffering body from which the soul is longing and striving to free itself. Your father has lived to a good old age. He has been a good man, and surely the change will be a happy one for him,—to be relieved from the body and to go where the freed soul will have no impediments to growth, where the presence of all good and holy beings will be a constant incentive to improvement and progress in the journey on and ever on to a higher divine life. The shock will be a great one to your mother; but, with the Christian faith which she has, she can not mourn over it. It is only going a little before her. One hand seems to beckon her upward, one more of the

loved ones to welcome her when she, too, hears the summons, "Come up hither," and her trembling soul puts off the weary flesh that it may be ready to put on the spiritual garments which clothe those who enter the true home. What a blessed thought, that the sorrow which has clouded this life can have no place there! and I firmly believe that the good father and mother will be permitted from that world to influence the children here. E. has such very strong and sad feelings about death that I dare say he will see no brightness in his father's removal, but will feel that a heavy pall of sorrow has settled over him; but he must rejoice for that father's sake,— the wine of life has been drained to its dregs, and could have no further charm for him.

OAK LODGE, NEEDHAM.

The well-known words of Whittier came right to my mind, dear L., as I read your letter. "A glad evangel" it must be to her, tossed and imprisoned as her noble soul has been in the suffering body; and now to be free from pain and able to think brightly and peacefully once more, to rest till her spirit gets its full powers undisturbed, must make it a heaven indeed upon which she has entered. I know how deeply you will all feel the breaking, no, only drawing up, of the tie which binds you to her, and which the unselfish beauty of her character kept bright in the midst of the clouds and tempests which beset her. But you must all rejoice that she, her own dear self, is released. You cannot wish her back. My second thought, after gratitude that she is at rest, was that you had returned home as you did. The shock would have been so much greater to you here, and unprepared by not knowing of the beginning of the change. It will be a sad coming home indeed of N. and E. after their pleasant summer; but it seems as if their mother would really be nearer to them now, in thought at least, than when the heavier veil of mist and darkness was between them.

9 Park Square, March 30.

My heart and thoughts have been with you, dear Mrs. H., on this sad afternoon when your beloved has been hid away from your present sight. It was to him a *translation*, for he scarce knew the suffering which usually attends the change from this sphere to the higher; and there is some solace in that thought, and in the inexpressible comfort you must have in all the tender memories which cluster about such a happy life as yours has been with him, so true, so good, so noble. It was everything to have been his companion for years here, and to look forward to the glad reunion when you go to him, and to the dear child, who is now, we may believe, in his father's arms. I have just been reading Dr. Clarke's sermon preached last Sunday after the passing on of his little grandson. It is on the "Many Mansions"; and I am sure it would interest you greatly, and will send it to you. Mr. Bush and I feel this as a personal loss. It is not so only to us, but to the town, to whom his example of simple uprightness was so much. His influence will still work for good in the place he loved, and which his example has tended to purify and refine.

Give my loving sympathy to Mrs. H.; and, with the earnest prayers that the true spirit life and hope may comfort and strengthen you, I am

Affectionately yours.

The Rev. John H. Heywood writes as follows, which is the substance of his address made at the funeral of Mrs. Bush: —

MRS. THEODA D. F. BUSH.

Very significant and beautiful to the grateful, revering hearts of children and grandchildren are those words in the Book of Proverbs, in which the deep, continuing influence of

the true and noble woman is commemorated: "Her children rise up and call her blessed." In full, sweet accord with this loving tribute are the stanzas in the heart-prompted little poem, "The Good Grandmother": —

"That life-work stretching o'er long years
A varied web has been;
With silver strands by sorrow wrought,
And sunny gleams between.

"How bright she always made the home!
It seemed as if the floor
Was always flecked with spots of sun,
And barred with brightness o'er.

"The very falling of her step
Made music as she went:
A loving song was on her lip,
The song of full content."

To the friends of Mrs. Bush, her visible presence always brought light and hope; and bright and inspiring will the remembrance of her always be. The large-hearted apostle makes it the test and proof of real discipleship in the followers of the Master that they walk in light and in love.

Thus judged, no truer disciple has the great "Light Bringer" had; for not only did she walk in the light, but her whole being was full of light. By nature she was to a rare degree genial, hopeful, cheerful, loving; and she had an affinity, as rare in its degree, for light, for the living light of truth and for the perfect light of God. Her mind, heart, soul, were wide open; no door, no window, closed to the inflowing of light, whether mental, moral, or spiritual. And, as she was ready to receive, equally ready was she to impart. She freely received, and she gave freely. Her spirit was alike hospitable and generous. Whatever of truth, hope, assuring faith or knowledge she was blessed with, she was glad, was eager, to share. In her fine mental and spiritual catholicity

she was not afraid to entertain new thoughts, though coming as strangers; and not infrequently was she rewarded by finding that she had entertained angels unawares.

Swedenborg says that, in the spiritual world, the older one grows, the more youthful he becomes. Mrs. Bush's spirit never lost the freshness of its youth, and hence she had great sympathy with young people and strong attraction for them and fine influence over them. Appreciating their hopes, their struggles, their doubts, and their aspirations, she drew very nigh to their minds and hearts, and they to hers. She had the genius of friendship, and was a true helper and real benefactor to many a young and earnestly seeking soul. And her friendship was the more helpful, the more truly beneficent, because her real and profound religiousness kept her very near to the great heart of God. Scougal long ago most aptly and admirably defined religion as the life of God in the soul of man. Such was Mrs. Bush's religion. It was a life, the divine life in her soul. Very keen was her sense of divine things, very real and very near to her mind, to her inmost consciousness, was the spiritual, the immortal world. Its felt presence was comfort, peace, inspiration. It strengthened her to bear with calm fortitude and sweet patience her long periods of physical weakness and pain. The light that shone so clear and bright within illumined her face, irradiated her whole being, giving brightness to her eye and a winning graciousness to her loving presence. An invalid for years, suffering intensely at times, often so prostrated in exhausting weakness as to be to human eye on the very verge of the grave, yet her sick-room knew no darkness, no gloom, and gave constant and vivid illustration of Milton's fine utterance,—

> "He that has light within his own clear breast
> May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day."

Mrs. Alfred Brookes, one of her life-long friends, writes : —

Her presence was ever a loving inspiration to all that was high and holy. I feel she was the most spiritual person I have ever known ; and her perfect faith and trust were beautiful. If I could have lived near her the past fifty years, as I did in my girlhood, perhaps I might have been more like her.

VIII.

EUROPEAN TRIP.

On the 13th of May, 1881, Mrs. Bush sailed from New York in the steamer "Celtic," and made the voyage without any sea-sickness. The day after her arrival at Liverpool she writes: —

Liverpool, May 25, 1881.

We called a "hansom," and had a charming drive. We went first to see the new Exchange, a magnificent building, the finest I ever saw, covering three sides of a square. From there we went to the church Mr. Martineau preached in when he was in Liverpool, a very pretty or rather handsome church, with painted windows, and such heavy masonwork. There is a large school (charity) attached to it, and the children were playing "hop-scotch." After that we went to the parks; and I am very glad, as, without seeing these, I should have gone away with an erroneous impression of Liverpool. The two parks are quite extensive, cultivated in the style of Forest Hills. The grass was emerald green, the lilacs and rhododendrons in full bloom, and the delicious laburnum just opening out her yellow tassels, lovely lakes with ducks and miniature ships, grounds for lawn tennis and archery, and such beautiful mansions all along and surrounding the parks. I realized then there must be wealth and culture in Liverpool. To sit at the window of the Northwestern Hotel or to walk in the business part of the city is most painful from the class of people you see. If we stood on the sidewalk of Eliot Street, Boston, for a whole year, we should not see such a degraded-looking class as we

are constantly passing,— such men, such women, and such children. A mark seems on them all. I have seen only three whom we should call ladylike in the streets of Boston.

At Liverpool, Mrs. Bush made the acquaintance of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Beard, and this was one of the pleasant memories of her visit to this city. After a brief stay at Liverpool, she left for London, visiting a few places on the way.

CHESTER.— I started off by myself, bent on finding the cathedral and other places of interest. Just as I reached the church, the chimes broke forth a joyous peal of welcome to the pilgrim from the New World to their old shrine. There is only a small portion of the very old left: the rest was new. I stood upon the wall which is placed above the old Roman wall. The streets are so quaint and the appearance of the population of the old town so old-fashioned; but there is a new town, also, which I saw to-day, made up of beautiful residences and handsome churches, with no old look about them.

SUNDAY, May 29.

Yes: the Shakespeare day was one of great interest. We stopped at the Shakespeare House, and were domiciled in the "All's Well that Ends Well" room, which I looked on as a favorable omen for our journey, and we took it for our motto. Each room in the house was named for one of the plays. I was very glad we were not put into the "Othello" or "Macbeth" rooms, for possibly visions would have haunted me. As soon as supper was over, we went to the church where the great poet was entombed, a lovely spot on the banks of the Avon. In the morning we went to his birthplace; and I was surprised to find how much had been kept that was his. The *house* is just as when he was born,— a quaint place, with strong rafters and gables. One place is

devoted to a collection of articles all belonging or relating to him,— the first editions of his plays which we must have read, and copies of succeeding editions; the desk he sat on at school, the chair he used as a club, and very many other things, all invested with a tender interest. We went also to the "New Place," the home he purchased after he came back from London. The house was gone, but the old foundations were there, and his "mulberry," or, rather, a scion. The whole place is kept by the town: the ivy upon it was superb, and the old wall perfectly mantled by it. Stratford is quite a large, well-to-do place. It looks more like a business town than a poet's inspiration.

It was a bright and beautiful May day when Mrs. Bush reached London and drove to her rooms at 68 Charlotte Street, Regent Place. Immediately on her arrival, the postman handed her this letter: —

ROXBURY, May 14, 1881.

Welcome to London, if I have really arrived first, and permit me to hope that you had more airy quarters allotted you than I on your voyage over. Mine were really as close as — a mail-bag. I trust, also, that your fellow-voyagers were more companionable than mine. They must have been returning English; for, though they were evidently possessed of wit and wisdom enough, the English reticence, or something else, was too powerful for them, and not even a "beg pardon" escaped them when an accidental jostle occurred,— really the only contact between us. I shall forget all discomforts now that I see you have safely arrived; and I fear none for you, for you and Mr. Bush carry with you a potent charm to melt all reserve and conquer all difficulties merely external, and I trust the internal ones will be less obstinate, though I fear that uncanny dyspepsia, like the evil spirit in the story, that a man moved to get rid of, has already

popped up its head with the exulting announcement, "We are all here." The weather in Boston changed so much on Thursday, and it was really so cold I feared you would get an unlucky chill in New York. I was, therefore, much relieved when I received your postal you were so *very* kind to send. H. had a last glimpse of you of which you were not aware, for she was passing your house in a car just as you all came out on your way to the depot. How many such coincidences occur that it would be out of our power to arrange! Possibly, some that we call "Providential" may be of the same nature, and thus Providence may be relieved of what seems to the unresigned a good deal like cruelty.

An ocean of love as broad as that you have crossed, to be a little Eastern in style, from both —— and myself, of which Mr. B. is to take what you consider proper.

The day after her arrival she writes: —

On Sunday morning we awoke to cloudy skies and frequent tears. It being Ascension Sunday, the heavens should have smiled, not wept. We asked if any one in the house could tell us where Stopford Brooke preached. Getting a very uncertain clew, we started off, but could not find it, so we went into an Episcopal church, where I heard the whole service intoned for the first time. I was quite interested. It was a simple church, with no greens or adornments. The congregation seemed earnest in spirit and devout.

In the afternoon we went to Westminster, as Dean Stanley was to preach. "Ah! I remember how thrilling the service was,— the beauty of the music, the grandeur of the place, and the sacred associations connected with it. It was two hours ever to be remembered."

At Liverpool she took a cold, which was followed in London by a severe attack of pleurisy. This kept her in her bed for more than a week; but she soon rallied, and was able to visit places of interest. The sun shone upon her. "I don't believe England ever before saw such glorious weather as we have had ever since we arrived." "Each day I am finding out how much more beautiful London is than I had any idea of,— such constantly recurring parks and squares that give beauty and freshness to the city."

LONDON, June 1, 1881.

I have been a prisoner, close shut up, this very week when there was so much for me to see and hear. Last Sunday night, a slight attack of pleurisy came on, so I have not ventured out, as it is still damp and cold. I have had a fire, and spent my time very agreeably,— part of it in Egypt in close attendance upon the Princess Niletis, and the rest in Syria, following the steps of that most wonderful of beings, the light of whose life grows brighter with every dawning century. So you may see that time has not hung heavily upon my hands. Mr. Bush has enjoyed a great deal. He has had a warm welcome from the English clergy, has dined with T. Chatfield Clarke, Esq.; to-day, he lunches at Prof. Estlin Carpenter's; to-morrow, he goes to a reception at Mr. Clayton's; Sunday, he will preach for and dine with Dr. Sadler; on Monday, he dines at Prof. Drummond's; on Tuesday, at Frances Power Cobbe's; and has an invitation to dine one day next week with a party at Edwin Lawrence's, Esq.,— all of which things I have been obliged to decline; but I do hope on Wednesday, if it is a fine warm day, to be able to go out to Loseley Park to lunch with Lady Rose. I was just going to say I should be disappointed if I could not; but what is the use? It will do no

good to fret about it, and I am glad I am here. I am as comfortable as if I was at home, exactly, and I enjoy having Mr. Bush enjoy so much. It is a fresh new life to him, and I am sure it will do him a world of good; and I — well, I have seen Westminster Abbey, the Parks, Chester, Stratford, and the Severn Valley,— all worth coming for. My *beau* keeps me supplied with flowers. A lovely lobelia gracilis in full bloom and a superb geranium are giving me pleasure. I wish I had brought some fancy-work with me. I have no one to go out and buy anything for me, so I lose my time. I wish I had some doilies to work. Gertrude Talbot will be here next Monday, and she can get me what I want. I rejoice that Mrs. Evans has recovered.

JUNE 5, 1881.

This morning went to Bedford Chapel and heard Stopford Brooke. It was a most interesting service, and Mr. Brooke is a most impressive preacher. He has a remarkable voice, vibratory and full of feeling. He speaks like a man who had wrought out a great struggle in himself, and whose whole being responded to every spiritual truth. His manner was simple, but so fervent. We sat behind him, and could see the clinch of his hands at many passages into which his whole heart seemed to go. It was communion Sunday, and I enjoyed the rite so much — as administered in Episcopal churches. It is not so cold as our own form. All went to the altar and received the bread and wine from his hand, with only the simple words of the Master, "Take, eat in remembrance of me." I felt a reverence for the man who gave it to me; for had he not given up position, almost certain preferment, for what had become to him a truth he must utter? He is a fine-looking man, tall, with a sensitive, highly intellectual face and head.

A delightful event in her London visit was the renewing of an old friendship. When a young lady in Montreal, one of her most intimate friends was Charlotte Temple. She had become Lady Rose, the wife of Sir John Rose; and, as soon as she heard of the arrival of Mrs. Bush, she at once came in from her country home, where she had removed only a few days before, to greet her friend, and with an urgent invitation that the latter would make her a long visit. The plans of Mrs. Bush obliged her to limit this invitation to a day. Meanwhile, Lady Rose kindly interested herself in various ways to add to the pleasure both of Mrs. Bush and her husband during their stay in London. The subjoined letters are an illustration: —

LOSELEY PARK, GUILDFORD, Sunday, June 5.

My dear Theoda,— I am so sorry to hear you are, or, I hope it is *were*, not so well. You must take care, for nothing wearies like London sight-seeing. I write to-day to say I can get an admission for Mr. Bush, and probably for you also, through a friend of mine who is staying here, Sir Arthur Hayter, who is the Liberal whip. He only wants to know three or four days beforehand; and if you will fix a day early next week, or indeed any time (remembering there is no House on Wednesdays and Saturdays), and also please say whether you wish to go in the afternoon or evening, and will write to me, he (Sir Arthur) will let me know what you are to do. They don't give passes, and you have to send in a messenger with a card, etc.; but I will tell you all about it when you fix your day. I am praying hard for a fine day on the 15th. Yours affectionately,

CHARLOTTE ROSE.

FRIDAY.

My dear Theoda,— You see Sir Arthur has got your seats for the afternoon of Thursday, so I hasten to let you know, that you may make your arrangements accordingly. You could remain on for the evening, I suppose; but I doubt if it would be possible to leave your seats and return to them. I am going to London on Monday, and may remain until Wednesday morning, in which case I should come down in the same train with you. The 11.35 is the best, from Waterloo. I should be picked up at Clapham Inn nine minutes later, so please wave a handkerchief out of the carriage window when the train comes up (the first stopping-place out of London), that I may know where to find you. There is a good train back to town at 4.32, and a slower one at 5.04, and one at 6.39, so you can take your choice, unless you will stay all night. I am afraid I shall be quite alone, as Sir John must keep an engagement in town that I did not know of when I mentioned the 15th. Please send a line on Monday to 18 Queen's Gate, telling me how you are and if this arrangement holds good.

Yours very affectionately,

CHARLOTTE ROSE.

JUNE 9, 1881.

Dear Lady Rose,— I have got a seat in the gallery of the sergeant-at-arms for the lady, and one in the speaker's special gallery for the gentleman you mentioned to me for Thursday next. The lady appears in your name and the gentleman in mine, as I did not know their own; but, if they will come down on Thursday next, at or about 4.30 P.M., and ask for me, I will show them their places. They should go to the Central Hall, Palace of Westminster, and ask the policeman to tell me.

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR D. HAYTER.

In her journal she records the impressions made by her visit: —

We have not told you how we were impressed by Parliament. Of course, the place was full of historic interest: the statues, the pictures, the very doors and walls, were full of associations of the past; but the scene presented by the sitting was not particularly interesting. It was pleasant to see marked men like Gladstone, Lawson, Fawcett, and others; but the noise was something heathenish. There was an animated discussion, and feeling rose high when anything was said that did not please. The "hear," "hear," the scrapings, the derisive laughter, were simply hideous; and where do you think they put the ladies? Up, up to the very top, behind a close *grille*, or grating, where you can hardly hear anything but the noise; but you can see well. Sir Arthur Hayter put me in the seat and made every provision possible for my comfort, the sergeant-at-arms offered to bring me tea, etc. I stayed two hours: that gave me all I wanted.

Loseley Park, Guildford, Friday, July 8.

My dear Theoda,— I was much grieved to hear of your illness and loneliness. It is too unlucky that I should be out of town, for I might have been of use to you; and now, if you do not recover your strength sufficiently to carry out your plans, do come down and rest and be quiet here. On Tuesday, I shall have lots of room for you and nearly an empty house; but until then we are crammed with visitors. I am sure Mary would have gone to see you if she had known you were laid up, and, as to her books, keep them as long as you like.

Mrs. Cushing's kind words touch me deeply. When you write, please give her my love, and tell her there are few things that could please me more.

The heat was very great (for England) for three days, and the thunder-storm brought a welcome change; and now it is almost cold.

Do write, if you are not able to leave to-morrow, and think seriously of my proposal.

Yours very affectionately,

CHARLOTTE ROSE.

Mention is made in a previous letter by Lady Rose of a visit she is looking forward to on the 15th. Mrs. Bush thus describes it: —

I sit down to tell you of one of the most charming days I have ever known,— a day passed in an old Elizabethan house where Queen Bess herself used sometimes to stay. The same hangings on the walls,— beautiful tapestry,— some of the same chairs, jewels, and pictures, an original one of Mary Queen of Scots, and one of her hideous rival. The house was built by Sir William More, who was the brother of Sir Thomas More, the favorite of Henry VIII. and chancellor till he rendered himself obnoxious by opposing his divorce. In some rooms were very fine frescoes done in Henry's time. One chamber had the history of Parr done exquisitely. There was one mantel-piece and the whole side of the chimney elaborately carved in *chalk*, and as perfect as on the day in which it was done, full of grotesque forms, grinning faces, and mulberry-trees. The frieze of that room was cockatrices, moukers, and mulberry-trees, which were all in the arms of the More family. The pictures were old, and all interesting from the personages they represented. Old armor hung upon the walls, old oaken cabinets were everywhere, the oak carving quaint and priceless, old oaken floors black with age, partly covered with heavy rugs and small carpets, a carved oaken balcony in the old hall where the musicians sat and played at the great dinners. Besides

all these, there were buffets of old china; luxurious seats were in every corner,— these more modern than Queen Bess; and, to give added beauty, flowers and ferns in every available spot,— in pots, in vases, in small glasses, dozens scattered about just large enough for a single Jacqueminot. To get a full idea of the place, you must read Disraeli's description of these old places breathing of modern life. Then the grounds were so charming. Part of the moat remains, and is filled with water looking like a pretty river; then the lawns, the gardens, the park filled with magnificent trees, the hills of Surrey for the setting for the picture. I cannot think there can be anything finer for England to show us in the way of homes.

Lady Rose is as perfect in the management here as she used to be in her old home. I found her the same warm-hearted and intelligent woman I have ever known her, enjoying the charms of her life, but entirely unspoiled by its great success. I hope I shall remember a good many anecdotes she told me about the royal family and of various persons of whom I inquired, and the many things about the court life, receptions, etc., which amused me.

On Sunday, after going to church, we took a train for Bromley. The day was perfect,— just enough flitting clouds to give an added charm to the true English scenery. Mr. Brown and G. S. met us, and both were kindness itself. The garden of each is very extensive, and filled with roses, carnations, honeysuckles, and ivy. It was a delight to my senses. We took a drive through English lanes and hedge-rows and around a real old English common, where I saw gorse and broom for the first time, and in bloom, too. We passed old inns, with their swinging signs, and at one were standing half a dozen vehicles, in and out of which the people were getting,— laughing, joking, and having a good time generally. It almost seemed as if they had stepped

out of "Tom Jones," "Clarissa Harlowe," or some other old-time book.

On Monday, we went to the Tower. Its jewel room and treasures you know all about, and the sad associations connected with this place, which has played such a part in the history of London since William the Conqueror erected the White Tower to awe his rebellious people. . . . I was interested in the old armor. The mounted knights of the different centuries, bluff King Henry and his soldiers, noble Henry VI., Elizabeth, with her ugly eye, squinting at Leicester,— all looked as if they had stepped out of the historic and embodied themselves, so that we from a different hemisphere and different modes of life might realize more fully what the past had been. We stood upon the place where Anna Boleyn clasped her pretty throat before the executioner's knife descended; and our spirit waxed hot against the royal Bluebeard whom Froude has so unsuccessfully tried to "whitewash." I plucked a leaf of ivy from the walls of the Tower for my Ella to put with her other flowery treasures.

Yesterday Mr. Brown came and took us to the Royal Academy, which I enjoyed very much. Some of the pictures were very fine; but there were too many vapid portraits of women, idealess, conscious faces, some standing, some sitting, some reclining. There were noble men's faces, magnificent portraits, a great contrast to the women.

GREAT LONDON, June 24.

We have been, dear L., four weeks in London, and have enjoyed a great deal, though I was shut up for ten days; but then I enjoyed so much through Mr. B.'s enjoyment. We have been favored in many ways, and have found every one so kind and hospitable, and ready to extend a cordial greeting to us. Our seeing Miss Cobbe has been a great

pleasure. Mr. B. had a charming dinner there, and I a delightful call of an hour yesterday. . . . You will be grieved to find that I have given up going to Rhineland and Switzerland; but I think it the most prudent thing to do. I took such a severe cold landing, increased by too long a stay in Westminster Abbey, that I had an attack of pleurisy, quite a severe one, though different from my usual ones. I thought then that, if the changes of temperature in Switzerland should bring on another, what could I do? A vision of Foster and his trouble if I never came home decided me. I knew Mr. B. could go with Mr. Batchelor, and I decided to go to a friend in Bolton, when, lo and behold! Gertrude and Mrs. Evans came in, and proposed my going to Paris with them during Mr. B.'s trip. The proposition was delightful, and I could not resist it. We were able to get them admission to the House of Commons, and I was so glad: usually, ladies have to be *balloted* for to allow them the privilege of sitting behind the *grille* and looking down upon the lords of creation.

An American friend gave Mrs. Bush a letter of introduction to Mrs. Maria H. Wozencroft, of London, who rendered her many kind services, for which she was very grateful. The following from one of her letters is an illustration: —

I have no doubt you remembered at home that it was the 28th of June, the anniversary of our marriage; and I was really touched this morning, when I opened a note, to find a pretty card. It was from Mrs. Wozencroft. I had just mentioned to her several days ago it was our anniversary day, and she had remembered it. I thought it so very kind of her.

Mrs. Bush took with her a large box of autumn leaves, gathered in Brattleboro, which she gave to a number of her English friends. She sent some of these to the Rev. William H. Channing, the receipt of which he thus acknowledged: —

3 Campden House Road, Kensington, London, W.,
July 15, 1881.

Dear Mrs. Bush,— All day it has been my wish to come over to Portland Place, to thank you in person for your beautiful gift, so sanctified to me by hallowed memories. But, though busy at my table since six o'clock this morning, the allotted duties of the day are not yet done. Yet the sun must not go down without seizing a few moments to express my gratitude for your most considerate kindness.

Yes: Brattleboro will always be holy ground to me. In the inner garden of the soul, the garnered summer glow of rich remembrances still brightens my autumn years; and their fresh beauty is a pledge of reunion with the risen and glorified in the blessed palingenesia of heaven. Somewhere, somewhere, we shall meet again, in peace and joy, amid the perennial spring of paradise. And for that glorious era of new birth the "patience of hope" now refines us.

Would that you could have been with us yesterday! for it was a rare honor for Miss Cobbe so to receive her American guest, introduced by her highly prized sister in genius and power,— Mrs. Howe. She is one of the moral Greathearts of our age.

In hope of soon seeing you, and with fraternal best wishes for your husband, who is enjoying his well-earned holiday, and trusting that you both may renew your health and strength, believe me

Yours gratefully and sincerely,

William Henry Channing.

As these autumn leaves had excited so much attention, after her return home she sent boxes of them to other English friends. We give here two letters which were received in reply. They will be found of special interest from their reference to Dr. Martineau: —

35 Gordon Square, London, March 24, 1882.

Dear Mrs. Bush,— We all felt your kindness very much in sending us some of your beautiful autumn leaves, so carefully dried and prepared; and I should long ago have written to you to express my thanks for this kind deed and for your letter,— a most pleasant surprise to me,— had I not waited in hope of the arrival of the leaves; but I am afraid they must in some way have gone astray or been lost. I am very sorry to lose them after all the pains you took with them, and it is a great pity; but the kind thought and deed are not lost, and will not be forgotten, I assure you. I thank you warmly from my father and sisters as well as myself; for we all felt how kind it was of you. It is a pleasure to hear that you and Mr. Bush so much enjoyed your Highland journey. I think you were fortunate in the weather, or, in any case, I am sure you made the best of it; and that is the secret of much enjoyment and happiness.

My father has, indeed, every inducement to visit the States that warm and friendly welcomes and persuasions can offer to him. I am sure he feels all this very much. But he now always says it is too late for him to go. He is seventy-six years of age; and he still is in full work, and with a great deal of work before him that he hopes yet to do, should his life be spared for his work. So I am afraid he is not at all likely to cross the Atlantic. Believe me

Yours sincerely and gratefully,

Mary Ellen Martineau.

April 2, 1882.

Your beautiful dried leaves have reached us safely to-day; and I hasten to thank you for them, and tell you how much I admire them. The autumn colors are indeed splendid and wonderfully kept; and I should like to try your method of finishing them with the flat-iron, when next we dry ferns or autumn leaves in the Highlands. Your beautiful autumn leaves will be a valuable winter adornment when flowers are not to be had.

In a month's time, my father and sisters will be off to Scotland. . . . I wish, indeed, that he had gone over to the States for a visit some twenty years ago, when he was really intending to do so. Various untoward circumstances prevented it then, and now he feels himself too old for it. I do not think he would shrink from the voyage; but he does shrink from great public occasions and excitements, and he is, besides, very much occupied with work for his college, and cannot let himself be taken off this by other things, however interesting in themselves. Believe me

Yours very sincerely,

Mary Ellen Martineau.

Mrs. Bush made the acquaintance of a number of the English Unitarians, both ministers and the laity, and was the recipient of their hospitalities.

Sunday Eve.

We dined to-day at Mr. Ierson's. Mr. Batchelor and Professor Kovács were there, also. We had a charming visit. Mr. I. was very pleasant, and the Hungarian very interesting. It was in a different part of London from any we had yet been, not so pretty, though the house and vicinity were very nice.

In this connection we give the following letter received after the return home: —

81 Caversham Road, N.W., March 2, 1882.

Dear Mr. Bush,— I regret to say that the packet of leaves has not been delivered here. We had our attention directed to the matter by Dr. Martineau speaking of it at the time, but it has not come.

Mrs. Ierson will rejoice with me, I am sure (I am writing from the office) that Mrs. Bush's health has improved from the change made by your visit.

It cannot be a new thing to you to be told that you have both left behind very pleasant memories. We hope indeed that you may again come over to see us.

I had very warm thanks from Cambridge for your visit there.

How you must be all feeling the loss of Dr. Bellows! He will be sadly missed at the coming gatherings. Such men are not easily replaced.

Please give my kind regards to Mrs. Bush.

Very truly yours,

Henry Ierson.

At the Rev. Dr. Sadler's, Hampstead, she saw her ideal of an English church and parsonage: —

Rosslyn chapel and Rosslyn house are stone, and surrounded by trees, with memorial windows in the chapel. It was a lovely picture, which I shall long remember. It was all the more dear from additional memories connected with the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Sadler and their cordial hospitality. Mr. Bush preached one Sunday in the chapel, and both prized their kindness.

Mrs. Sadler thus writes: —

ROSSLYN MANSE, June 29.

My dear Mrs. Bush,— We are very sorry that you cannot come to us to-day, and sorry, too, for the cause. I wish you were near at hand, that I might come in and see how you are going on.

When Mr. Bush and you return from the Continent, I hope you will come together and spend a day with us, and tell us all your adventures.

With our most friendly regards, and regret that we are not to see you to-day, I am very sincerely yours,

MARY SADLER.

While in London, Mrs. Bush had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Martineau give an address. It was a memorable occasion. His old pupils, the alumni of Manchester New College, had invited him to give them his parting word. It was at the close of the college year, and a number from different parts of the kingdom had come to London. The Rev. William Gaskell conducted the devotional services, and the chapel in Little Portland Street was packed. Among those present were Stopford Brooke, William Henry Channing, Frances Power Cobbe, Mrs. Mary Livermore, and a long list of the clergy and eminent laymen. Dr. Martineau spoke with the vigor of a man in his prime. Mrs. Bush was deeply impressed with the whole service. The address was full of tender feeling, deep spiritual insight, and rare beauty. It was, in fact, one of those religious lyrics in which we have the deep things of the soul interpreted by one who has the insight of the sage, the aspirations of the saint, and the eagle eye of genius.

His lyre resounded with the sweetest trust and most inspiring hope.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe's writings Mrs. Bush had read with so much interest and pleasure that she looked forward to her acquaintance as one of the treasured memories of her visit to England. An amusing incident had occurred a short time before in connection with Miss Cobbe. The American newspapers had at one time reported the death of this gifted woman, and some of them had printed obituary notices of her. Mr. Bush then had temporarily the editorial charge of the *Woman's Journal*, and both he and Mrs. Howe wrote notices of Miss Cobbe. About a month after, he received a bright and amusing letter from her, announcing the fact that she was still alive and hard at work. As soon as he arrived in London, Mr. Bush, thinking that she was in the country, addressed her as the "Country Mouse," and in a humorous tone referred to her article where she discusses the advantages and drawbacks of the country and the city mouse. He received the following in reply: —

26 Hereford Square, South Kensington, S.W.

My dear Sir,— Alas! the "Country Mouse" has been tempted back to the evil ways of cities once more; and I am (as the above address will show you) a "town mouse" for this summer, at all events. The change will have the good result, however, I hope, of permitting me to make your acquaintance in the flesh more easily than if I had been still dwelling in the *wilds* of Surrey; and Miss Lloyd and I (we are two old maids who keep house together) will be delighted if you will come and dine with us next Tuesday, the 14th, at 7.30. We are not in the way of giving London dinners at

all ; but, if you will not mind a very small affair, and only two or three friends, it will enable us to see one another much better than in the hurry of the day.

Please kindly drop me a line in reply as soon as convenient. I should have written yesterday, but was down in Bedfordshire till past post hour.

Very sincerely yours,

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

SURREY, June 5.

Although Mrs. Bush, in consequence of her brief illness, could not accept the invitation to dinner, she had the pleasure of seeing Miss Cobbe several times, and was delighted with her vivacity and charming conversation.

When Mrs. Bush left home, it was a part of her plan to visit Switzerland ; and she anticipated special pleasure in seeing its grand and picturesque scenery. But, after her illness, she decided instead to go to Paris with her two Boston lady friends ; while Mr. Bush joined the Rev. George Batchelor in a trip to the Alps. So for a few weeks they were separated.

PARIS, July 13, 1881.

The day we left London, laden with fruit, flowers, and papers, the weather was delightful. At three o'clock, we bade adieu to the ever old, ever new, and always interesting London, and steamed to Canterbury, veritable pilgrims, bound not only to the shrine of the good Saint Thomas, but to the more poetic, if less heroic, scene of Chaucer's Tales. The country was pretty with hop fields and poppies ; but there was very little variety in the landscape. We arrived at Canterbury at six o'clock, found a quaint old town, with narrow streets, high houses crowded close together, little shops stuck

in everywhere, and scarce a green thing to bless the eyes withal. We stopped at "The Rose"; and, after tea, we three ladies took up the "pilgrim" style, and told stories and amusing incidents till bedtime. After the cathedral service next day, I went to the cathedral close, and in the bright sunlight studied the old arches and walls (nine hundred years old), the statues of the kings, queens, and priests which adorned the new cathedral. Some of the storied windows in the latter date from 1100, and are very beautiful. The ivy clung over the old ruins, and dotted everything with verdant beauty. The noble interior I admired more than any I have yet seen.

In the afternoon, we rode to the St. Martin's Church, which was to me more interesting than the stately pile of the cathedral; for it was the very first Christian church in England. . . . Its situation is very picturesque. I took that dear, little, simple old church right into my heart. It went far deeper than any grand edifice has done. We were pointed out the place where Chaucer's pilgrims told their tales. It was two miles off, but I was sorry afterwards we did not drive to it. From the church, we went to the college established by Saint Augustine. Very little of the original remains, though there are some ruins; but the building has been magnificently restored by Beresford Hope. It is now a college for young men who are willing to devote themselves to missionary work. They go to India and Africa, work for a year or two, then die; and their names are recorded on the memorial tablet,— a life of heroic self-sacrifice. They see it all before them as they enter these halls. They know the end; but for the love of God and humanity they go on, soldiers of the cross, and give their lives to help the coming of the kingdom of God on earth.

We reached Paris early in July. After leaving Canterbury, there was little to interest on the way, though I was

glad to see Amiens, Chantilly, and other places with which I had some historic or other associations. On Tuesday forenoon we walked to the Tuileries, saw the grand column, and took in a general idea of the ground. I was disappointed in this first look; for I had always supposed the Tuileries to be fairyland, full of flowers, fragrance, and children. It was the middle of a holiday, and there was nothing to be seen but one *bonne*, with a pathetic-looking baby in her arms, and flying red streamers. In the evening we walked out again, and saw Paris by gas-light. The stores were dazzling to the looker-on.

We went to Les Invalides. It was an intensely hot day, and, as we ascended the steps, an ice-cold blast came out from the Mausoleum, which made me feel it would not be safe for me to stay in many moments, so I only flew in and took a bird's-eye view of its grandeur, admired the stately dome, rich coloring, and chaste simplicity, and then flew out again, to mourn that such a man, a curse to his race, an embodiment of ignoble selfishness, should have such a monument erected to him. I know A. will think, if she does not say, "Ah! Mrs. Bush is 'narrow' in her judgment."

Saturday we went to the gallery of the Louvre, and passed two hours delightfully. It was hot out, but an agreeable temperature within; and I did enjoy so much seeing some of the originals of these great masters whom I have always felt I should enjoy so much, and I was not disappointed. Rembrandt, Titian, Vandyke, Murillo, Guido, and Correggio were a delight to me. Rubens I do not enjoy. He is flesh and blood. It does not seem to me he paints anything but the mere outside. He does not care for the soul which should illuminate the whole being. There were some refreshing cattle pieces of Paul Potter's, and some lovely Wouvermans; but how can I particularize in such a gallery

as the Louvre, where there is so much of intense interest? The building itself is so magnificent, its lofty halls a dream of beauty, independent of their art treasures.

Sunday I stayed at home and read two *Christian Registers*. One had Dr. Slicer's sermon, which pleased me so much. I am glad he is going to Providence.

In the evening, Mr. Gerot, a friend of Miss Talbot's, took us through the Place de la Concorde to the Champs Elysées; and I wish I could describe to those of you who have not seen it the scene as it appeared to me. Make Bellevue Avenue of Newport twice as wide, place on each side trees to the depth of twenty or thirty feet, then erect light, handsome ropes, festoon them with gas enclosed in soft shades, hang colored lights, with music everywhere, then see a line of vehicles, countless in number, driving back and forth as far as the eye can reach on either side, and you perhaps can get a faint idea, but only faint, of the brilliancy of the scene. We sat there nearly two hours watching it; and, when we left at ten, the thing was greater than ever.

On Tuesday, as Mrs. E. and G. could not go, I went alone to the Louvre. My first wish was to find Da Vinci's "Mona Lisa." I have always wanted to see the original of that famous picture, and found it easily, but did not stay very long before it, as it was not an attractive picture to me. The eyes are wonderfully lifelike, but *snaky* in their expression. After forming my judgment of this picture, I studied again some of the masterpieces which pleased me so much before. Then I went to the gallery of the modern French pictures, and found many that charmed me, so many lovely Greuzes: that charming one of the broken jug has six easels before it. Some of the copies were very good. I should like to have bought one. David's "Madame Récamier" was very interesting. As I looked at it, I hoped A. saw it. Two pictures of Queen Maria Leczynska, the wife

of Louis XIV., were very fine. The paintings in this gallery all seemed to have a living interest. One would soon learn to choose those they most enjoyed, and to go to see those only.

Thursday was a *fête* day, the French Fourth of July. There were no demonstrations, no making night hideous with the ringing of bells and the tooting of horns or firing of cannon. But the whole city wore a festive air, flags of every nation were flying from every point, five of our banners were wound with the French tricolor. The whole city was illuminated, and the little I saw was magnificent. The Grand Opera House was outlined in flames. The Comédie Française sparkled with light. Happy people thronged the streets. One near us was roped off, brilliantly illuminated, and hung with countless flags, and used for a dancing hall. Mrs. E. and G., who went about the city, said it was brilliant in every spot and corner. There were happy crowds, balls in the open air, and only one intoxicated person among the hundreds of thousand people.

Versailles, the palace, and its surroundings are far more full of beauty and interest than I had imagined; but I think, of all the beauties, glories, and wonders I saw, nothing impressed me so deeply or filled me with such delightful feelings as the long cathedral aisles of arched trees through which have trod that long host of the great, the titled, and the beautiful of earth. To-day they were so silent, echoing only to the footsteps of the strangers from a foreign shore who had come to look upon what their eyes had seen, and to repeople them for a time with their shadowy forms. These aisles of trees seemed to me full of spiritual beauty and rest, and not sad at all. But, when I came upon the grounds leading to and around the Trianons, I felt as if death had been there. There was no life, no hope. I could not even *see* Josephine or Marie Antoinette or Maria Louise;

but there were so many pictures of Maria Leczynska and Louis XIV. that the *petit* Trianon seemed full of them and their spirit.

The French villages are far more interesting to me so far than the English,— more picturesque, and I did not expect that. But tame to me all rural England seemed as I saw it, — such long reaches of uninhabitable land, green as an emerald, to be sure, and studded with fine trees, but such a lack of picturesque villages. The glimpses of the Thames in its fresh young beauty were interesting.

On her return from Paris, Mrs. Bush remained about two weeks in London, and then started for the north : —

Our visit to Oxford was charming. No one can form an idea of those grand old colleges without visiting one or two six hundred years old,— the tooth of time gnawing into the very stone, but everywhere trying to shield itself and hide the ravages with the ever-green ivy. The arches in all these old buildings are so beautiful. In the library of Magdalen College I saw what interested me as much as any one thing,— a *Hortus Siccus* which was given to the library some time in 1300. The blossoms were in as perfect preservation as if they had been pressed only a few moments ago. I do not wonder that stone can resist time ; but that delicate flowers, God's alphabet of love, could retain form and in some instances color, seemed almost incredible. How I longed to take one of the few loose ones ! but *noblesse oblige.*

In the afternoon we came to Cambridge, an interesting ride. . . . After breakfast the next day we went out to Sir Roland W.'s, to whom we had letters. Lady W. was at home, and we had a delightful call. She was very cordial, and gave us a letter of introduction to Miss Herschel, who is

acting as head of Girton College. We were very much pleased to go there. Miss H. was away, but another lady showed us through the college. We saw several of the young ladies studying and at work in the laboratory, though it was vacation. They were studying for "tripos." One had a very fine head, and I should not wonder if she became a "wrangler," which, you know, is a great honor. Two young girls won it last year. The building is a fine, commodious one, but looks so *new* and bare by the side of the grand brother colleges. It has begun a splendid work, and I have no doubt it will be grandly carried out. We saw the classic "Cam," and met some of the young men in their fancy suits. Many remain during the vacation to study for honors.

EDINBORO, Aug. 13, 1881.

Here we are in Edinboro, welcomed to it by a grand thunder-storm: the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and the rain descended in torrents; but the city's foundation, I take it, was on a rock, so it fell not, and the cab took us safely to our lodgings in Queen Street. But, before writing of Edinboro, I will describe our visit to Bolton Abbey. The day, with the exception of Loseley Park, was the most enjoyable one I have had. You will laugh, and say, "Just like her: each thing as it comes is the very best." We went to Leeds because Mr. Joseph Lupton wished us to go with him to Bolton Abbey. We went to Ilkley, a lovely place, "our Robert's" early home, by cars. There we took a deliciously easy carriage, and rode about six miles through the loveliest of English roads, real lanes, fringed on each side with sweetbrier and all beautiful things, till we came to the "Devonshire Arms," a real English inn, where Mr. L. ordered dinner when we came back. Then a short drive carried us to the Abbey. The whole scene was exquisitely beautiful. The

river Wharf ran through the grounds, the meadows sloped down to it, on one side dotted with varied groups of trees, on the other side the banks were clothed with verdure and with miniature waterfalls dashing down their sides. . . . They were preparing for a funeral in the churchyard, and the old sexton mumbled his words as if he had walked out of the grave scene in Hamlet, having just dug Ophelia's grave. . . . We wandered about Ilkley for half an hour, and saw Robert Collyer's haunts. Our coachman was an old chum of Robert, and I think really feels set up a peg higher in the world for that fact.

She was charmed with Edinboro : —

I cannot imagine a city combining more than this does. We are struck forcibly with the contrast between it and the manufacturing cities we have been lately visiting. There is commerce here, but only what seems needed by the people. There are no smoking chimneys, no begrimed faces of toil. It was to me more like Boston, only more beautiful, than any place I have seen.

On going from Perth north, she would have thought she was travelling in Vermont or among the Adirondacks, if the guide-books had not insisted on calling the places by different names. But, when she came to the heather just blossoming, she felt sure that she was among the Highlands of Scotland. At Aviemore station she met Mr. Martineau, and was

delighted to look upon his intellectual and spiritual face, and to hear the clear tones of his deep voice. He could only give me greetings and regrets that I had not gone to see him with Mr. Bush. He was obliged to say good-by, and the whizzing cars bore us off through the historic scenes Killie-

crankie and Culloden. But, though the day was misty, and imagination could have its sway, no plaided, kilted warrior or knight in armor clad marshalled their hosts for us wanderers to see re-enacted those bloody deeds which for so long a period kept Scotland in turmoil; but the refrain of

> "Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day,
> When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array,"

sounded in my mental ears as we passed through the lovely intervales and among the wild, heather-clad gorges, which now sleep so peaceful in verdant beauty. You can scarce believe they ever echoed to the wild slogan or the din of arms.

When I was young, I used to hear my father tell of Ossian and Fingal's Cave, and I knew he gave the poem to a lady he admired, and it has always haunted me; but I never expected to visit the spot made so famous by McPherson's genius. The day dawned in clouds. We left Oban at 7.30 A.M., in a good steamer; and a most charming day we had. Staffa was more than I dreamed it would be, the cave a perfect temple. No hand of man could form finer arches: the columnar formation was perfect. We were fortunate in being rowed to the end, into the cavern, which is not always the case. So we could see the roof to great advantage. The rich golden and green moss and its varied stalactites give it such an ideal beauty, one must see it to realize it. The rest of the trip was delightful, and Oban lovely when we returned to it.

AUGUST 19, 1881.

You cannot guess where this is written from, can you? Try before you read on. Well, then, I know you would never imagine we were just off from Iona, the blessed isle of St. Columba, and this forenoon we were in Fingal's Cave. Think of that. It was even more than my fancy painted it, though I did want to see Fingal's misty form rise up at the

end of the cave to bid us welcome. The passengers have most of them landed to see the cathedral of Iona, but we had quite a tramp on the outside of the cave besides the row in, and I thought it better not to do more. We have had the loveliest trip through the Highlands, and on Monday (D.V.) go to Ellen's Isle and the Trossachs.

TUESDAY, Aug. 23, 1881.

Yesterday when we left Glasgow, the heavens were dark and portentous; but I remembered the purple and gold horseshoe which welcomed us at Oban, and I had faith that the sun would shine forth, and it proved so, though he was lazy in putting aside the misty curtains of his couch (I fear he had been out on a rampage the night before with Bacchus and other discreditable divinities). He finally shone forth with full splendor as we reached Loch Lomond. Of that lake I need not tell you who have sailed through Lakes George, Schroon, and Champlain. It seemed a combination of the three; and it was, with the perfect day flooding it with light, exquisitely beautiful. The ride from Lomond to Katrine was not what I had anticipated. Except for a short distance, I thought it very commonplace, having none of the grandeur or wildness I expected. We enjoyed it, nevertheless. The delicious hour we spent on the shore of Loch Katrine, hunting among the ferns, was as full of enjoyment to me as any part of the day. A poetic influence pervaded it; and at every turn we expected to see James Fitz-James and Ellen spring to view, and once, I am sure, the old "Harper's" strains rung upon my ear. There was nothing to mar the delight of the day except that in the ride, which was very picturesque and beautiful, from Katrine to Callender, though not wild as I expected, a cold breeze struck me, and I took a cold in my head.

She thus closes the journal of her foreign trip: —

The weeks and months of our vacation have flown so rapidly by, but they have been full to the brim of enjoyment and things that will have their impress for aye upon the mind, giving a fresh charm to reading,— indeed, to all in the future,— that is, if it is as now promises. "All's well that ends well."

Mrs. Bush, on her return voyage in the steamer "Germania," met William Chambres, Esquire, of Liverpool, and his two sisters, who lived in Wales. She found them so congenial that a mutual esteem sprang up, and for years she corresponded with the elder sister, Miss Mary A. Chambres. The latter, referring to the voyage, writes: —

I think it was her fragile looks and gentle expression that first attracted me, and then the long and happy conversations on such variety of subjects, particularly the history of your country and her impressions of England. I think her grandchildren may like to hear of the little things that had special reference to them. One day, after we had passed through a severe gale, Mrs. Bush told me she had a precious treasure in her state-room, which she had been quite fearful might get injured, when all the boxes were being tossed about like so many corks. This treasure was a beautiful doll she was taking as a present to her little grand-daughter from Lady Rose, and she added, "It is to be called 'Rose,' so it will be a Rose Bush." Again, when we were very near New York, and Mrs. Bush was trying to put up her things, she came on deck, and said, "I have met with such an accident." A very large bunch of grapes we had taken to her some days before she treasured up with great care, thinking she would like to show them to her son, and were doubtless meant for

this little girl, and by a lurch of the vessel she had slipped on the cardboard box and crushed them. She told these incidents so simply, and never showed the least annoyance at any *contretemps* or discomforts, that they left a very pleasing impression; and I shall never forget her radiant look when told her son was on the quay.

Hers was a nature that impressed itself so deeply on all she came in contact with that it is well to preserve the remembrance of so bright an example.

IX.

LATER DAYS.

After Mrs. Bush returned from her European trip, she seemed for a while to be benefited; but slowly, as she had passed her threescore and ten, an increasing feebleness was evident, and she resigned the charge of the household to her daughter, but during the rest of her days took the most active interest in all that concerned the home. For the most of her life she had been the victim of dyspepsia, and was obliged to confine herself to the strictest rules of diet. She was also subject to frequent attacks of pleurisy and diarrhœa; but, though these were sometimes very severe, she would rally from them. She had great physical buoyancy and vitality. At one time she would be very feeble; then she would rebound with an elasticity which was remarkable.

Referring to her very serious illness in 1885, she writes: —

Since I last wrote you, I have been at the very threshold of the eternal gates; but my boy drew me back (D.V.) to be with loved ones a little longer. I was unconscious of all that passed for three days, except that I had delightful mental experiences, and the spiritual world seemed opened to my gaze. I had a trained nurse, and her watchful care, added to Foster's, brought me rapidly up. I have not been downstairs yet, but go into the next room, and hope soon to throw off the paraphernalia of illness.

It will be remembered that mention is made by Mrs. Bush, in her record of the visit to Canterbury, of the three on the first night at the hotel becoming pilgrims and falling into story-telling. As they afterwards travelled together, they took the pseudonym of "Pilgrims." She left for home sooner than her companions. One of them on her return found this letter: —

I must bid you welcome back to the dear home *roost*, my Pilgrim dear. It shall be by word of mouth as soon as I think you are sufficiently rested to talk with an outsider; and how much I shall have to hear of your wanderings by sea and land since we parted! With warm congratulations to you and yours upon the reunion,

I am affectionately yours.

The following was also sent her at the time of her engagement: —

And so the "little Pilgrim," who was our guide through many a weary way, was our very *voice*, indeed, through those summer days, has found another Pilgrim with whom to tread the gay streets and shadowed lanes of life; and my heart wish for her is that life may be for her and her chosen one a prolonged *Canterbury day*, the bright morning, glowing noon, and soft twilight (with only flitting clouds), with the sacred rest of the cathedral,— the type of the highest,— and the sweet companionship and the loveliness of nature which made that day in the old cathedral town so long to be remembered.

God bless you and yours.

PILGRIM ELDER.

3 CHESTNUT STREET, BOSTON.

My dear Mrs. Bush,— Thank you very many times for the violets which came to me yesterday. They were the loveliest

I have had; but the note which came with them was fully as sweet, and went right to my heart. Our Canterbury day was one of the brightest spots in a very bright summer, and I could not wish for anything more calm and peaceful than that the day might be a type of all that are to come. What could the "novice" do but follow the example of the "Mother Superior"? I shall go to see you very soon; and, with a great deal of love both for yourself and Mr. Bush, believe me as ever Affectionately yours,

PILGRIM SECOND.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Mrs. Bush had read with thrilling interest and enthusiastic admiration of Miss Amy Bradley's life in the army during the late war. She had also followed her in her subsequent and equally heroic work at Wilmington, N.C. Every summer, as the devoted teacher came North, she was cordially welcomed by her; and there sprang up between them that sympathy and friendship which comes from kindred souls: —

WILMINGTON, N.C., May 14, 1882.

My dear Mrs. Bush,— Your very kind letter should have been answered long ago, but ill health with a multiplicity of cares is my excuse. Yet I have not forgotten you, for the lovely "Maid of Mont Blanc" is the first to greet my eyes in the morning; and I always bless the giver for this charming picture. I expect to go to Boston in July; and, if you are still there, I hope to see you. I have had a very prosperous school of 280 pupils. It closes on the 9th of June; and then, as soon as I can make arrangements, I shall be off to New England. How many choice spirits have passed away from us since we met! It does not seem possible that our beloved Dr. Bellows has gone! Truly, the Unitarian ranks are thinning. Who shall fill the places of these brilliant

lights? God only can tell, but I feel as if it were impossible. I wish I could step in and have a good *talk* with you and Mr. Bush. Writing, one cannot say the half that is in his heart.

If you have time, drop a line before I leave.

Hoping this will find you all well, I am

Faithfully your friend,

AMY M. BRADLEY.

Mrs. Bush valued the writings of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney for their high moral and religious tone, and because they portrayed some of the best types of the New England character and home life. To this was joined a warm personal esteem for the author. The second letter given below was found among Mrs. Bush's papers, and Mrs. Whitney has very kindly explained in another letter the circumstances which called out the one referred to above: —

MILTON, MASS., March 6, 1890.

Dear Mr. Bush,— In reply to your kind note this morning received I can explain that the little note was written by me to Mrs. Bush, in acknowledgment of her friendly offer to send me a copy of a collection of stories among which was a sketch of mine, written many years ago for the *Register*, called, "Trying on Bonnets." I had made request through "Notes and Queries," in the *Transcript*, for information or help in procuring the same, as I wished to include it in a compilation afterward published under the title of "Homespun Yarns." The appeal brought me so many obliging replies that I had to stop the supply by a card of thanks through the same channel, and wrote to Mrs. Bush as you perceive. How queer these little waifs from the past look as they turn up again!

I am yours faithfully,

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

MILTON N.H., September 23.

My dear Mrs. Bush,— With many thanks for your kindness, I write to say I have had several "Bonnets" sent me, and do not think I shall ever be in need of the article again.

Very truly yours,

A. D. T. WHITNEY.

9 PARK SQUARE, February, 1883.

I think I have not written you since K. L. brought Miss Alice Sanford to introduce, and ask me what I could advise her about getting an organization in Boston for the relief of our Life Saving Stations. Miss Sanford was the New York secretary. She brought letters to Mrs. Winthrop, Mrs. Claflin, and others. I gave her a note to Mrs. John Gardner and Mrs. S. E. Hooper. I found she wanted to address some meeting of ladies, and had not time to stay for the monthly meeting of the Woman's Club, so I told her she could have my parlors, and we would collect as many as we could in so very short a time. It was Tuesday when she first came in; but I thought it best not to decide upon anything till she found what Mrs. Winthrop or others might suggest. The next day she came in again, and seemed to wish to have a meeting here, and said that she must return to New York to-night. So I hurried off what invitations I could to people with long purses and philanthropic hearts. The hour was bad, and the notice so short but few could come. However, Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Hooper, Mrs. Fred Dabney, the Rev. Mr. Horton, and some others put in an appearance, and a society was organized, much to Miss Sanford's delight. She dined with us, and a little after four left for New York, well satisfied with what she had accomplished.

The outcome of the above meeting was the organization of the Massachusetts Auxiliary to the Woman's National Relief Association, which is still an active

society, doing a very much needed work in supplying the Life Saving Stations of Massachusetts with reading, clothing, food, and medicines. The United States government pay the men, build the stations, and provide the means of rescue, but leave the wrecked sailors and passengers unprovided for when landed on the shore. This society keeps at the stations a full and needed supply.

The visit of Dr. William B. Carpenter and his wife to this country was a pleasure to Mrs. Bush, because it gave her an opportunity to form their acquaintance. She held various members of this family in high esteem. The Rev. R. L. Carpenter had been a guest at her house in Burlington, Vt., she had worked and corresponded with Mary Carpenter, and her meeting Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter in London was one of her most pleasant memories. Mrs. Dr. Carpenter was very eager to learn of our institutions, as will be seen by the following: —

26 Marlboro Street, November 8.

My dear Mrs. Bush,— In case I should not have the pleasure of finding you at home this afternoon, I provide myself with this note to give you my very best thanks for your great kindness in procuring for me so much information about Vassar College. It will be very valuable to me, and I venture to hope that I may retain the printed matter which you sent to me.

Dr. Carpenter and I are very much obliged to you for your kind invitation for Friday, the 17th, and regret that we are unable to accept it, as we shall be in Cambridge at that time.

With our kind regards to you and Mr. Bush,

I am sincerely yours,

Louisa Carpenter.

One of the memorable events which gave Mrs. Bush great pleasure — and the memory of which she often recalled — was the visit of "Aunt Harriet" during the last days in Park Square. She had been a frequent inmate of the household. For years Mrs. Bush wrote to the two aunts every week, and either one or the other replied. This visit had a special value, because the age of Mrs. Cheney made future ones uncertain. Though she was nearly ninety, and bodily infirmities had crept upon her, the mind retained its vigor, and she entered with zeal and zest into the talks on literary, political, and religious topics. She had a lively interest in all public affairs, and was a very remarkable woman for her age. She impressed even strangers by her vivacity and intelligence. To her more intimate friends she was endeared for her lovely traits of character. Her laugh had the rich tones of music; and her bright spirit shed sunlight all around.

References have already been made by Mrs. Bush to the sermons of James Freeman Clarke. For several years during her residence in Park Square she attended the Church of the Disciples, took a lively interest in its affairs, and, as far as her strength permitted, aided in some of its charities. She cherished a personal love and esteem for Mr. Clarke, was impressed by his preaching, and had a very high estimate of the value and influence of his life and character. His death, which preceded hers only a short time, she mourned as a personal loss, but grieved still more because the world would be deprived of one so gifted, good, and true. She found consolation in the conviction that a life which filled so large a place would still continue as a blessed influence in the future.

Her sister, Mrs. Kellogg, spent several winters in Jacksonville, Fla.; and we give in this connection brief extracts from Mrs. Bush's letters, which contain glances into the later home life at Park Square: —

I have been sitting in my little room, watching the moving panorama, which takes on such a different look by the electric light from what it does in the solar rays. How many pleasant hours we have passed here, chatting and chatting, — little nothings often, but pleasant nothings usually. We are not very gossipy. The two male members have gone to the Unitarian Club dinner, Ada buried in Thackeray, a splendid edition of which was Foster's birthday present to Josie, the latter reading the *Transcript*. I expect President Arthur's visit will make a great stir in Jacksonville, and a flutter of excitement.

We have followed you all through the week; and I have awakened every night and thought of you, and then turned over to sleep, resting in trust that the angel messengers of love from the All-Father were guiding your vessel and bearing it safely on.

I hope, now that your anxiety about me is over, you will be able to enjoy the charming things around you. Even if I had been really ill, you know, dear, I should not have needed you, pleasant as it is to have you running in and out; but I am never lonely, and need so little done for me that I do not require any one's care. Besides, I have a host in Ella, Josie, *pater*, and son. If I needed anything, I am only too kindly cared for and worried over. My room has been made a conservatory. I have read and worked to my full enjoyment. I shall not attempt to go out for a week or two, as the weather is changeable.

Do not have anything on your mind to trouble you. All will come right. You know all difficulties are smoothed

away by the alchemy of our home and ways, so do not let any anxiety disturb you. Once on the "briny wave," homeward bound, you will be yourself again.

Mrs. Bush was very much interested in her nephew, Edward B. Kellogg; and, while he was at school in Nunda, she often wrote him, usually with the pet address, "Dear Neddums." These letters not only refer to home details, but are also full of encouragement and stimulating words to the young student. After he received his degree from the Medical School at Brunswick and began practice, his mother one afternoon led into his office as one of his first patients an old woman, bent in body and feeble in step, with a shawl thrown over her head and face. He caught the joke; and so, with a grave face, he examined the patient, and advised her to "have her stomach removed, relined, galvanized, and replaced." Soon after, he sent his "Aunt Oda" a bill for this service, on the receipt of which she thus wrote: —

OAK LODGE, NEEDHAM.

I had intended replying before, my well-beloved physician, to your most welcome note. I must acknowledge that at first I was overpowered by the amount of the *bill*. I had forgotten the great service you rendered, not only to me, but to humanity, in your "study" upon a carbonaceous (was it?) lining to frail stomachs such as mine; and I began to cast about and see what property I could mortgage, in order to meet the amount, and had almost decided to put the minister up at auction (I think I could get a good *bid* for him), when I happened to hand the bill to our *medico*. His quick eye glanced at it, and he exclaimed instantly, "Why, mother, it is receipted: trouble not yourself." In

a moment my *feelinks* changed to overpowering gratitude to the noble youth (excelsior) who could thus at the very beginning of his career perform such a magnanimous act. You will be blessed for it in this world and the next. Love to Minnie, from your grateful AUNT ODA.

When she received the telegram from Dr. Kellogg, "Nov. 16, 1883: It is a boy," the great-aunt rejoiced at the birth of the new-comer; and the health of the mother and baby was a subject of tender concern. The boy, taking a part of his great-grandfather's name, Standish Foster, was christened the next Christmas by the great-uncle at 9 Park Square. Mrs. Bush thus briefly writes to a friend other details of the next year's Christmas: —

I arranged something that came out very satisfactorily. Minnie Kellogg was the spirit of Christmas, and looked very well, shrouded in white lace. She chanted some of my doggerel; and Ella, as a fairy, came at her call, and, to obey her behest, gathered gifts for the assembled guests. All said they had a pleasant evening. It closed with some good music from Minnie and my cousin.

This was the last Christmas in which Mrs. Bush had anything beyond a gathering of a few of her kindred and near personal friends. It was her custom, when she was a minister's wife, and also at the Stone Cottage and Park Square, to vary the features of her entertainments. She never had two alike. In the beginning it was a tree. One year, taking the hint from the story of Cinderella, she had a chariot drawn into the room by six young girls, representing the mice, in which was the pumpkin. As the chariot paused, the

godmother repeated a few verses, and with her wand touched the pumpkin, and out of it rolled the gifts. At another time she had a cantata,— "Ruth,"— written by her cousin, Mr. Edward M. Cheney. Again, the guests were invited to sit at the table, and a large pie was brought in as dessert, which, when cut, had a *plum* for each one. The next year she had all the presents under the table; and a little sprite sprang up at the touch of a spring, with a brief welcome in her hands, and the gifts were then presented singly. She was fertile in resources; and the unique features of these occasions gave them additional interest. She entered into the observance of the Christmas festivals with a deep apprehension of the great truth the event symbolized. The birth of the Christ child brought tidings of joy because he was the great giver. He lived and died for others. His spirit was the mainspring of her life. She also in his death recognized, beneath the crust which tradition, myth, and dogma had formed, that great idea which has so powerfully swayed and inspired his disciples, and which has its centre in a sublime, disinterested love.

THURSDAY, December 23, 1886.

Dear Mrs. Bush,— The enclosed broom-brush case I have made for you with my own hands, weaving in with every stitch thoughts of my delightful visit at your house, and of your kindness to me,— yours, and all the rest of your family's. If, in making use of it, you think of me only one-tenth as often, I shall be more than content.

With much love and Christmas greetings to all, I am

Yours very sincerely, F. S. R.

In 1884, Mrs. Bush had a very severe attack of "the shingles," from which she rallied, but never fully recovered her strength, so that the most of the time after this was spent in the house. She enjoyed the rest and beauty of her summer retreat, as will be seen from the letters she wrote both before and at this period: —

OAK LODGE, NEEDHAM, July 25, 1882.

I am sitting in our summer retreat, my "pine parlor," as I call it. It is a large circle of magnificent pine trees surrounded by elms and ash, with lovely peeps into rural nooks, with sparkling brooks, little ponds, and an exquisite play of light and shade. It just opens out on our summer home. We, my sister and myself, come out early in the morning with our work, which happens this year to be embroidery; and we make daisies, clovers, and poppies spring up about us, while Mr. B. reads aloud to us from paper or book. Lately, he has been reading Lecky's last two volumes, which we have found very interesting; but I do not think he appreciates the patriotism of our leaders in the War of Independence. The noblest among them, like Samuel Adams and James Otis, he calls demagogues, and seems to speak as if they were the stirrers up of strife and sedition. Neither does he seem to allow we had cause sufficient for our grand uprising. It was not altogether the taxation without representation, but it was also the persistent frowning upon our manufactures that seemed like oppression.

OAK LODGE, NEEDHAM, ½ past 6 A.M.

I was very much pleased to get your letter, my dear Neddums. It had seemed long since I had seen or heard from you. I am glad to hear such good accounts of "Foster Standish." He must be the veriest darling in the world, and his mother is another. Lucky dog you, to have two such treasures fall to your lot! I hope you are busy as ten

bees and fourteen wasps. The dear mother and her darling grandchild are looking at me now, and send their dearest love,— the dear mother's eye and hand ever watching and trying to help you. Lovingly,

AUNT ODA.

OAK LODGE, NEEDHAM, October, 1887.

I had the daring aspiration of coaxing a day from you to enjoy with me my oaks and pines; but, alas! my summer has not been "flat, stale, and unprofitable," for there have been hills of agony to surmount and valleys of utter weariness and dull suffering. But I hope it has not been all unprofitable. I sit in my room and spin my Kensington web. Mr. Bush has read to me a good deal; and I have tried to cultivate patience. As for Saratoga,— why, my dear ——, I have not been downstairs till two days ago, when I crept slowly to the piazza, and sat for an hour or two, so I could take a few breaths of fresh air in with me. Foster will come out in a carriage and take me home. He is afraid of the fatigue of the cars for me. I am gaining strength; but the demons of neuralgia and erysipelas have not left me, and I am still very uncomfortable, at night particularly. But enough of self.

OAK LODGE, NEEDHAM.

Yesterday, dear "Oriole," I went to church. Mr. Jenks preached a fine sermon on hope. I have been revelling to-day in the thought of the woods about you, those lovely long logs draped with exquisite moss and delicate ferns springing from every crevice. I wish I was on one now, with the two birdies perched on it, one with brush in hand, sketching the forest, the other talking about the thousand and one things of interest. . . . Yesterday my bonnie wee boy came out, bringing his father, who had preached in Canton, and the loveliest pink amaryllis I ever saw, the gift

of a "G. P."* It had blossomed out in our back yard. I did not dream of their coming, was reading on the bed, when I heard a sort of rush, and Foss bounded in, flower-pot in hand, asking where his father was. I said, "Why, he went to Canton, and meant to go to Boston." Then "Pater" appeared. . . . I have read the close of "Silas Lapham," and am satisfied with it. "Indian Summer" in the *Harper's* begins deliciously. I hope you will see that.

I was delighted, dear Oriole, with the appreciation of your pictures. I shall believe the printed words rather than yours of self-depreciation. I should like to see the "Study of Pines." Perhaps you can gather some of the *needles* for me to fill a cushion with? I know how you must enjoy it, but don't work too hard. Remember always you are not a Goliah or even a Miriam, but a gentle muser; but, strange it is, I cannot find among the sacred nine one that presides over that lovely art of painting. How is it that the Greeks could have neglected to provide a gentle spirit to rule over that charmed realm of color?

I wish I could have transplanted you here for our peaceful communion Sabbath. Nature is so beautiful, the cross of the purest white flowers so exquisitely embleming the pure being whose love we commemorate. All was beauty, joy, and peace.

In October of 1886, Dr. Bush met with a very serious accident, which is thus described: —

9 Park Square, Feb. 12, 1887.

I have been intending writing to you, dear Miss Chambres, and to tell you of ourselves; but early in the autumn, two days after we returned to our city home, my son met with a very serious accident. He was making some professional calls in the suburbs, and, having a severe cold, he went in

* Grateful Patient.

his coupé, instead of driving himself, as he usually does. The horse got frightened, ran, overturned the carriage; and my son received what one of our best surgeons said was the very worst surgical accident that could befall any one. The seat of it was the knee, the large joint being laid bare. For some time they feared for his life. The importance of his being where he could have the constant watching of skilled surgeons, and also the new treatment for such cases, which he could not have so well at home, induced us to consent to his being carried to the hospital. He was there ten weeks. Then they allowed him to be brought home. He is now so far recovered as to walk about the house on crutches, and with a fair prospect of the entire recovery of the use of the knee. It is considered a most successful case; but you can imagine that the first part of the winter was not very bright, though we tried to exercise faith and trust, knowing, whatever the result, it was in His hands who doeth always for the best.

9 Park Square, December, 1887.

This is a busy week. First the little finishings for Christmas, and then my poor boy is coming home; and that, of course, will keep heart at least very busy. He will come, as he went, in an ambulance, as he cannot yet put his left leg down; but the surgeons think he is in a fair way of recovery, that everything is going on well. The ligament has knitted, the very important secretions necessary for the working of the limb have commenced their flow,— indeed, the original wound has healed, and the long sinus is the only troublesome thing remaining; and till that is healed he cannot begin to try his leg at all. He will be carried upstairs; and it will be two or three months before he can be out of doors, hard work for him. But, if he can be at home, he will not mind so much. He supposed till within three weeks that he should lose his leg; and everything short of that is a relief to him.

9 Park Square, March, 1887.

I do not think I have written you since Foster has bought a house; and we are to move in a month. It will seem an end of the world to you. It is not far from the Art Museum and Trinity Church, on Boylston Street. From our room, we see Trinity Church on one outlook, Parker's Hill on the other. It is a new house, and very convenient. We shall be glad to get away from this place, which is now wholly turned to business.

June 5, 1887.

Yesterday was Foster's thirty-seventh birthday. Does it seem possible? We had a gathering of the cousins and Josie's brothers and sisters. It was very pleasant, and our new home looked very pretty.

THE GRANDMOTHER.

On the 30th of April, 1876, between 9 and 10 P.M., Dr. Bush came out of his bed-chamber, and gently said, "Mother, it is a little girl." This was the announcement of the birth of the first grandchild. The heart of the grandmother thrilled with joy. But soon the feebleness of the new baby and the illness of the mother awakened anxiety. Both, however, gained in strength; and, as the grandchild Ella grew older, the grandmother kept her constantly in mind as she saw other children, and, when absent from home, the sight of them recalled her own dear pet. Thus she writes: —

Ella has received company in her room, much of the time living the ideal world with her mamma and me and the babies, Josephine and Lilia, who are as much a comfort as living children to her. She is so good: she went to see the wonderful horses, and was disappointed. Her mamma told her they went to school; and she thought she should

see them sitting in desks like the children in her school. She is not fond of animals. Her tastes run to other things.

Ella is so good and sweet these days. "Josephine Foster" broke her leg, and has gone to Dr. Schwartz's hospital to be cured; and Ella is getting new shams and sheets for her bed, so as to "s'prise" her when she gets back.

Ella and I were talking yesterday of Maggie's name and her sister's name. I said: "Oh, what is Nellie's name? I have forgotten." "Why, don't you know, grandma? It is the very lowest class." Still I could not guess; and we had a good deal of chaffing about it. Afterwards she said: "It is the same as the lecturer. You read his lectures." "Carpenter?" I asked. "No," she replied. "The name begins with S." It was Savage. Was she not cute? I am not sure but Maggie suggested the lecturer, but not the thought of the lowest class. Josie asked her if her teacher, Miss Underwood, told her savages were of the lowest class of people. She said, "No": she read it in her geography.

Josie and Ella went to Newport a week to-day, and are enjoying it so much. Ella revels in the sandy beach. She digs with her little spade as earnestly as the owl that dug Cock Robin's grave.

In one of her visits to Saratoga, she writes: —

There is such a lovely child in this house, a granddaughter of Mrs. T. She is fifteen months old, and her mother died when she was two months of age. She looks as if she was made of wax, so pure and colorless, but such eyes as haunt one, so deep, so angelic. Her hair is soft and fair, not curly, her hand like Ella's, only white as snow. She follows you with her unfathomable eyes, and soon you feel as if she is a being from another world; and yet she

is a perfectly healthy child. I wondered to-day what Ella would say to her. She would be fascinated by her, but I think she would be almost afraid of her.

A lovely morning, dear ones, and I am up *bright as a lark* after an undisturbed night: breakfast not yet ready, and so the pen comes in to give me a chat with the home circle. You are gathering slowly at the table,— Josie, matron-like, at the head; gapa, staid as usual, at the foot; papa, bewitched "papa," at the window, reading the newspaper; Ella, flitting, flitting, butterfly that she is, unless tempted to alight, like her prototype, upon the honeyed sweetness of the maple married to the fragrant farina of the breakfast.

The grandmother threw herself into living sympathy with the fresh young life of her grandchild. She would help dress the dolls, call them by their names, and play with them with the vivid ideality of a little girl. As the grandchild grew older, she would read to her, Bible and other stories, take an interest in her school studies, join in her amusements, and in various ways, by precept and example, stimulate her improvement. She enjoyed with a sacred interest the christening service conducted by the grandfather on the first Thanksgiving after the birth of Ella Agnes.

After eleven years, she announces the expectation of another: —

287 Boylston Street, Jan. 10, 1888.

I wonder if I have ever told you we hope for a new grandbaby this winter. I don't believe I have. I have just finished its first blanket; and it is so pretty on white crochet, soft as wool, wild roses dropped all over it, some in bud, some half-open, some full blown, and others dropping their petals, which lie scattered about with exquisite green leaves

and brown leaves. The flowers are done in what is called "long and short stitch." I am quite pleased with it, and hope it will carry a blessing to the wee one, if our Father kindly permits it to come in health and grace.

The child was born Feb. 1, 1888, and was given the grandmother's name.

287 Boylston Street, February 1, 5 o'clock.

My dear Mrs. M.,— You will rejoice with us that a dear little girl has been sent by the Good All-Father to bless our home. Mother and child are doing well so far. It is such a relief, for Josie had been so ill the last fortnight we could not but feel anxious. I was so sorry not to see more of you when you were here. I am better now, though not yet strong.

287 Boylston Street, May 21, 1888.

I now hope to be able to go downstairs on the 4th of June, Foster's birthday and Miss Theoda's christening. I should be very glad if I can, as it would mar the pleasure somewhat if I had to be upstairs on such a joyful occasion.

The christening took place on June 4, the anniversary of her son's birth and marriage. On this occasion there was a gathering of friends and relatives, and the rite was performed by the baby's grandfather, assisted by the Rev. E. A. Horton. This was the last time that the grandmother joined in any social festivities. She bore the excitement without much fatigue, and the occasion gave her great happiness. She had been looking forward to it for several months, with the earnest hope that she would have strength to be present. The christening gathering became a blessed memory which she often recalled with gratitude and delight.

A few weeks after she went to Needham for the summer. When it was proposed that all the family except her son should be with her, she seemed at first to discourage the plan. On seeking for the reason, she privately said to her husband that she shrank from having her eldest grandchild with her in case the last change should come. She did not want her to have the unpleasant memories of that scene. Her wish was gratified; for, when it was evident that her hour was slowly drawing near, the grandchild was sent on a visit to friends, and did not return until after the funeral. It was the earnest wish of the grandmother that the grandchild should carry with her only pleasant memories of the last summer at Needham.

As soon as Mrs. Bush was fixed for the summer, it was evident that she was not gaining in strength. She spent most of her time in her room. It had been her habit for years, when confined to her bed, except in times of severe suffering, to sit braced up by pillows, and sew, knit, or embroider while her husband read aloud. When he was absent, she would take up the book herself. Idleness was very irksome to her. "I am as busy as ever cultivating poppies and golden-rod etc.; and the days slip by all too fast." "The silver 'kiverlid' [referring to a crazy quilt she was making for her daughter] I began to manufacture with hot haste kept me busy, so I need the few snatches of rest I can get."

OAK LODGE, NEEDHAM, July, 1888.

I gain my strength, if at all, very slowly. It would be a refreshment to see you. We are enjoying the summer: I idly on the piazza; but the others have the grove, and in the

morning Josie gives Ella lessons, while Miss Theo lies in her carriage, and slumbers under the fragrant pines. This said baby is a sunbeam to our hearts,— so good, so loving, scarce ever fretty. Have you read the articles in the *North American* on the Ingersoll question? Mr. B. read them to me this week. Richard Proctor's was by far the best contribution to the subject. Gladstone loses by the standpoint, — that of rigid Episcopacy, and apparently a belief in the full inspiration of the Scriptures. Ingersoll loses by his never knowing anything but old Orthodoxy. Miss Phelps brings her contribution, but it seemed to me weak.

Among the books which Mrs. Bush desired to be read to her during her last summer at Needham was "Mr. Tangier's Vacation." She enjoyed it so much that she also read another of Mr. Hale's later sketches. She was an enthusiastic admirer of the author, and had a very high estimate of the graphic power and noble purpose of his stories and other writings. She not only read them with eagerness, but also recommended them to others, and chose them as gifts on birthdays and other occasions. "In His Name" was a special favorite, which she read several times with increasing appreciation. A copy of this was one of her last Christmas presents. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hale were personal friends, and for several years in Roxbury were neighbors. They were associated with her domestic life, and Mr. Hale took part with the father in the service when her son was married. In the privacy of the home and among friends, the name of Mr. Hale was spoken with the warmth of personal affection. As soon as she read the well-known motto of Harry Wadsworth in the story, she recognized it as her ideal,

and often spoke to others with earnestness of the breadth, power, and inspiration of these words: —

> "Look up and not down,
> Look forward and not back,
> Look out and not in,
> And lend a hand."

The following letter was written while raised up by pillows a short time before the two given below, and had neither date nor signature: —

I have been hoping, my dear friend, for strength to write to you, to give you my deepest sympathy in the great sorrow that has come to you; but I have not been well enough to do anything but think of you, and pray that the love divine which has given you strength for all your bereavements may still clothe you with the garment of faith and trust. And the blessed memory of your noble boy, of what he was, not to you alone, but to all brought into contact with him, will be a great comfort. To have been the mother of such a son is worth living for; and it cannot be a great while, according to our blessed faith, before you are brought face to face with him and the other dear ones.

I can write no more than this imperfect note; but it will tell you, my dear Fannie, of my love and constant remembrance and sympathy.*

Early in August, as Mrs. Bush remained about the same, and was in care of loving hands, her husband was persuaded to make a brief visit to Montreal and Schroon Lake. While absent, he received these two letters, the last which she wrote: —

OAK LODGE, NEEDHAM.

I crept downstairs for an hour this A.M., dearest, for the first time since you left. I enjoyed it, for it was so lovely.

* See page 170.

I received the enclosed and send it, knowing it will give pleasure to the whole circle. Don't hurry home. We get along very well. All are so kind, and I think I am gaining. My pen is "*acting bad*," and I must say good-by, with love to all from your

ODA.

Miss Theoda sends you a kiss, and when I say, "Where is grandpapa?" she laughs from ear to ear.

Good-by.

A few days later:—

SATURDAY, A.M.

I am up and dressed, and am better than yesterday. You see your *absence* has begun its good work already. I had quite a good night, and of course thought of you when I was awake. The *good* boy was out last night, and hopes to bring something to relieve the pain. It is a "dog day," but lovely to me, with its ever varying lights and shadows, the sun playing "bo-peep" with the earth, just as the dear baby does with us. I think you have been talking about her to Louisa and Aunt Harriet this morning. Your loving

WIFE.

A few days later, a telegram called her husband home. The hour was fast drawing near. For about two weeks the patient was most of the time unconscious, and only roused when the baby grandchild was brought into the room. As the little one came to her bedside, her face would brighten, and she took her in her arms with loving caresses. There was no gloom in the sick-room. She met all with a bright face, and continued her interest in life and its affairs as long as she was conscious. Even in moments of pain, the thought of others was in her mind, and she would send

notes and gifts of flowers to the sick and sorrowing. She had no dread of death, but an unclouded and unfaltering faith in the goodness of God, the religion of Jesus, and the life to come. On Sept. 5, 1888, at nine o'clock in the evening, peacefully she passed on, with her husband and children at the bedside. The only words which broke the sacred silence were, "The mortal shall put on immortality."

The funeral services were held at the First Parish Church, Needham, her two friends, the Rev. John H. Heywood and the Rev. E. A. Horton, officiating. The substance of the address of the former, including much of his article in the *Christian Register*, is given elsewhere. Mr. Heywood read passages from the Scripture and also Mrs. Bush's favorite lines from Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," beginning,

"Faithful friends, it lies, I know."

He then made a fervent and comforting prayer. The solo by Mrs. Mansfield was impressive and uplifting. There were no crape or other emblems of mourning in the church, and the whole service was expressive, not of grief, but of Christian faith and trust. After Mr. Horton's address, given below, and the benediction, the remains were carried to Forest Hills Cemetery: —

MR. HORTON'S ADDRESS.

I look past this assembly down a vista of many years, and there I see a young man just from the Divinity School. His timidity is made strength, his isolation turned into social ties, by a bright, genial spirit, whose mission seems to be to make people happy. Her home is hospitable, her mental alertness quickening, her kindness bountiful. What she

does for that young man, by way of encouragement and spontaneous sympathy, she does for many others. The picture is vivid in my memory: that central figure was Mrs. Bush. The morning found her full of vivacity and cheeriness; the evening saw her with unabated buoyancy. It is of myself I speak in this connection. The gratitude of the youthful clergyman seeking his first field of work and trying his first sermons has never declined. Happier far for us to have her with us in vigor and usefulness; but, since this cannot be, happy is it that we can cluster such loving, appreciative memories around and in this service.

Our friend had native resources of elastic hope and sunny faith and tender love. They never seemed heavily drained by the vicissitudes of life. This was not owing wholly to nature's endowment; for temperament alone cannot stand the exhausting shocks of hostile events. She grounded her emotional and imaginative life on principles. Certain great truths were so real to her that they became the unconscious daily basis of her thought and action. Nothing less than this can suffice.

I refer to this substantial element in her character all the more because her refinement and delicacy of taste and exhibition of sentiment were conspicuous: they were the fulfilling foliage of sturdy oak, the completion of character, not its origin. So with regard to her kindly smile, as she looked into your face: it was the outbreaking light of a genuine desire to enter into harmonious relations with your feeling and thought; it was the expression of the inner conviction that suspicion and jealousy and petty self-consciousness are sad impediments to human companionship. It indicated to me, knowing her so well, the unselfish and composed state of mind which results from a deep spiritual consciousness. Right attitude in the face of life and duty and mystery is everything,—hard, indeed, to attain, but somewhat revealed to us in such an example.

Mrs. Bush believed in wide orbits. Her home was the central tie; but her active labors radiated into many progressive causes. She was privileged by her talents to participate in stirring movements, to stand in the ranks of reformers, to plead for justice, and to lead toward better things. Her facile pen was busy for good purposes. Stories for the young, with pithy moral; articles on current topics of vital importance; appeals and arguments; organization of forces; pushing forward of educational and moral agencies; calling for consultation; rallying to new courage, — for all this she stood in the active years of her life. Each character employs the methods natural to its special genius. Our friend carried on these matters in her own way, setting gentleness against harshness, truth quietly against error, seeking to leaven the obdurate lump of indifference and opposition. There was a persistency beneath the mild deference or non-argumentative attitude, which made it possible to rely upon her in the shifting of the superficial and the vehemence of the reactionist.

It would hardly be claimed that she was favored with ruddy health. Her frame was animated, her duties constant, her vigor continuous. All this did not spring from physical vitality. She drew on supplies of spirit. Her reading in literature was of the highest and best. Her intellectual sympathies ran out to familiar sources of poetry and art. Above all, she relied on nothing less than the immediate aid of divine presence and devout thought. This world was to her God's world, under constant and immanent guidance. The language of spiritual things was full of actual meaning and application. The beauty and glory of nature, the enchantment of human excellence, the living attraction of each hour, were kept treasured in her heart as daily incentives and renovations. Life, life more abundantly, that life of which "our nerves are scant," gave her strength. The sunshine

of a deep trust in God and goodness streamed through the open windows of her ardent soul. It found exercise in deeds of kindness, this soul health and vigor; in charity for mortal shortcomings, in renewed hope when some despaired, in happy views of death, in loving discipleship, in a large, beautiful belief as to the spirit world.

Of what she was not, and did not do, her own self-examination often reported. We are all limited: let this be the test for our friend,— how far was she a faithful steward? No words of mine seem too strong, no commendation exaggerated, when we think of her in the light of that inquiry. Her talents were employed for the good of those near and those remote. Home, society, church, public welfare,— all received some benefit from her faithful life. The brave, useful record was hardly broken even by the severity of the latter days. It is triumph, indeed, to sustain unquailing serenity amid depressing illness. She was, when I saw her, even in the time of sick-chamber bondage, a ray of light. Happy are those to whom the legacy of her honorable and Christian career more specially belongs. Happy are we all who could claim her as a friend: we rise up to call her blessed, and "her memory is a healing balm" for our sorrow, her life is an inspiration to nobler efforts.

X.

THE AFTERGLOW.

Among the many letters received after the death of Mrs. Bush, we give the following: —

My dear Mr. Bush,— You know my love for the dear one who is free now from all suffering and sorrow. My heart is full of sympathy for you, dear Mr. Bush. You will miss every moment your loved companion for so many years. I should have liked so much to have seen dear Theoda again, but I have delightful memories of my visits to her. How she is mingled in my thoughts of youthful days! She was very dear to us all. I think of her now, shedding her lovely brightness around. Wherever her spirit may be, she is near to all, I am sure. Yours affectionately,

Sarah H. Dabney.

Hyannisport, Sept. 7, 1888.

Beverly, Sept. 8, 1888.

My dear Friend,— I cannot let this great sorrow and bereavement of which I have just heard pass over you without sending you a poor expression of my truest sympathy. I know you will believe in its sincerity, and trust it may not be quite indifferent to you.

Although I have seen far too little of your dear wife of late years, I have never ceased to think of her as a real friend. She always greeted me with cordiality and affection, and I never ceased to cherish these feelings for her. My dear sister counted her among her most valued pupils; and

I remember many long past visits and meetings in which I looked upon her as such, with the greatest interest. One of the happiest was in Canada, when she was with her mother, and exercised so much kind hospitality toward my sister and myself on our journeyings. She introduced us to the Rev. Dr. Cordner, and took us to hear him preach, and put us in the way of many other enjoyments. She always seemed to me one of the most amiable and purest of human beings, and I always felt better and happier for conversing with her.

Her life, I should judge, must have been a happy one. Her loving heart found treasures everywhere, and yet had fixed its best treasure where she will now find them laid up for her. These two thoughts of her past happiness and of the greater future joys now opening to her will be your sweetest consolation. May they mitigate the bitterness of separation to you and to her son and his wife and all who loved her! That you both did all in your power to make her life happy while she was with you will be a never-ceasing thought of comfort, and will make you realize that she is still with you in spirit, a blessed influence, and prepare you for the supreme blessedness of reunion.

Miss Folger sends her regards and sympathy, and, with the renewed expression of mine, I remain

Your sincere friend,

ANNA C. LOWELL.

MONTREAL, September 9.

My dear Mr. Bush,— When I heard that Mrs. Bush was so weak that she could not live much longer, my heart received a terrible shock that I have not got over yet. She, so good, so pure, so noble, so unselfish, who did but live for others; she, who devoted her life to her friends, and assisted them with such love and kindness in all their wants and

troubles,— that she was to be taken from us after such a life of devotion seemed impossible; but it is too true, and you, her nearest and dearest, her son, and every member of your household, must feel the blow most painfully, and I sympathize with you most sincerely. But there is one consolation, that she is supremely happy. She was always ready for death. She was the purest, loveliest woman I ever knew. I can but think of her as one above us all, perfectly happy in her new surroundings of beauty, love, and holiness; and I wish, too, that you might be comforted by the same thoughts. May God enable you to bear it as becomes all his afflicted children is my sincere prayer.

Ever a sincere friend,

E. H. Hedge.

Mt. Livermore House, Holderness, N.H.,
September, 1888.

Dear Sir,— More than a year ago I called at your house two or three times, to find your good wife unable to see me, so that it is a long time since I have met her, and now to my surprise and pain I have just read in the *Transcript* of her decease.

For her, of course, there can be only rejoicing; but there is call for much sympathy from friends in the bereavement which must be so great to you, and to the doctor and his family also. The deeper consolations I know you have; but the sympathy is always helpful to those left behind, and I write to offer mine sincerely. I feel that I have known my cousin long enough and well enough to understand something of the loss you personally sustain, though she may now be an angel of light to you from the other side.

I am, with kind remembrance to the Doctor and his family,

Truly yours,

Thomas B. Hall.

SEPTEMBER 1.

Dear Solon,— We have been watching with you for any change that might come, and we were not surprised when Foster's word came. The frail body could bear the strain no longer, and the bright, loving spirit will find a more fitting garment for the other mansion, that she has loved so much to talk of, and which was as real to her as this world. I think her faith and insight has made the spirit life more clear and beautiful to us all, and in the midst of the thoughts that we shall see her face no more comes at once the feeling that we can almost see her in that other home and hear the loving greetings that await her. How you and Foster and Josie will miss her, we know; but it seems to me that a comforter has been given in "the blessed baby" she loved so well. Our home will seem bereaved; and we shall miss so much the bright, loving words that have come to us weekly until almost the last.

We want very much to be with you to-morrow, but it does not seem best. Believe that we are all with you in spirit; and as we have loved, so we may send loving sympathy to all.

Yours sincerely,

MATILDA METCALF.

44 HIGHLAND STREET, ROXBURY,
Sept. 9, 1888.

Dear Mr. Bush,— It was with sincere, heartfelt sorrow that I heard of the death of your cherished wife; and now I *must* tell you how much I regretted being unable to pay the last tribute of respect and affection to her yesterday. Through my life she has been one of my most valued friends, and I loved her very dearly. It has always seemed to me that she dwelt in perpetual sunshine, created in a great measure by her own sweet spirit within. Just one month ago, I received from her a note full of loving sympathy for my own sorrow, in the death of my blessed son, Cordis. I could see

by the feeble handwriting* that it must have cost her an effort to send it, and I was touched by it. Now I shall prize it doubly, and place it among my treasures. Her Christian faith and belief in a reunion with those dear ones who have gone before shone through every line of the precious note. Her loving, devoted, spiritual life on earth has come to a close, only to be renewed in the surer, better land where "they go no more out." "The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God." For yourself, my dear friend, whose life-long companion has vanished from your sight, the strength and solace which come alone from our loving Father can be of much avail. Still, human sympathy does help us somewhat in these supreme moments of life, and I wish to assure you of mine. With kind remembrances and sympathy to Dr. and Mrs. Bush, I am

Most sincerely your friend,

FANNY C. CLARKE.

55 CHESTNUT STREET, BOSTON, Sept. 10, 1888.

Dear Mr. Bush,— I was startled with a painful surprise yesterday, when I was told that Mrs. Bush had passed away a few days previously.

The sad tidings fell upon me as a personal bereavement, for she was one of my oldest and most valued friends on this side of the Atlantic. Our acquaintance began more than forty-four years ago, and the loveliness and trustworthiness of her character grew in my estimation year by year. And now we find her gathered as a ripened shock of corn into the great harvest.

Be assured of my profound sympathy in your great loss. And herein my wife joins. She calls to mind with emotion the sympathetic note she had from Mrs. B. on the occasion of my recent accident. Faithfully yours,

J. CORDNER.

*See page 161.

118 Union Avenue, Montreal, Sept. 10, 1888.

My dear Mr. Bush,— Forgive me if I intrude upon you at this time, obeying an impulse to write in few words the sorrow with which I hear of your affliction, and my desire to say that I think of you with sympathy and trust. Your recent visit and helpful service, as well as the sorrow of your friends here, and the tears of Mrs. Cheney, who spoke to me so tenderly of your dear wife, seem to justify me in writing, although I know how poor my words must be. I have recalled the meeting I had with you and Mrs. Bush in Edinburgh some years ago, and the charming hospitality which you both gave me,— a lovely association with my memories of that beautiful city. It was the only time that I ever met Mrs. Bush, but it was one to be cherished. I recall how affectionately Mrs. Cushing used to speak of her; and Mrs. Cheney has often referred to her in terms which showed the warm and loving place your noble wife has filled — still fills — in her heart.

It is not for me to console or uplift. You have had larger, better experience than I. Still, you will let me send you my brotherly regard, and assure you of my conviction — which must be with you so strong! — that such a life as hers must be an endless one, or how else could the Master have said, "It is expedient for you that I go away"?

Sincerely yours,

Wm. S. Barnes.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 10, 1888.

Dear Friend,— I hear of your sorrow with profound regret and with quick sympathy. And will you kindly share my true sympathy and regard with Dr. Bush and his household?

How can any one — who knew her even a little, like myself — remember now, without keen regret at the loss, her singularly sweet and friendly address, signal of a gentle and kindly spirit? I am sure that those — alas! but few now —

who recall her in your old home in Vermont join me in this expression of grief in her departure, and of sympathy with you. Yours faithfully,

L. G. WARE.

MELROSE, Sept. 10, 1888.

My dear Mr. Bush,— I was surprised and pained to learn of your bereavement. It seems but a little while ago since we all met in London and Paris, when Mrs. Bush appeared as well as any of us, and as likely to have a protracted lease of life. So many of our friends and acquaintances have recently passed away that it is a surprise to us that we are still among the living; and I suppose that is the case with most people of our age.

As the time draws near when, in our own case, there must be inevitably a separation,— when "one shall be taken and the other left," — we try to prepare for it, and feel deeply for those of our acquaintances who pass through the sad experience which we dread. When I said to my friend, Mrs. L., of Marblehead, whose husband, after fifty-six years of wedded life, passed away before her, "that she had the consolation of knowing that the reunion could not be far distant, and that the separation must be short," she replied, "But the time of waiting till I meet my husband will be very long, for every hour without him is protracted to a year."

I am more certain, as I grow older, and go farther on to the end of the journey, that "Death is only a mood of life," that the hushed voice speaks elsewhere, beyond our hearing, that nothing can extinguish the nobility of soul, the unselfishness of spirit, the rectitude and lovingness that have endeared us to our departed; and I do not mourn when my friends pass out of life as I once did.

"And not more sure am I that they,
Whom ocean's waves divide,
Shall meet again, some happy day,
And linger side by side,
Than that the day will surely come
When we and those we love
Will meet again, with clasping hands,
In that dear land above."

Yours very truly,
MARY A. LIVERMORE.

OLD SOUTH PARSONAGE, BOSTON, Sept. 12, 1888.

Very dear Friends (at 287 Boylston Street),— We do not forget you, in these first hours of your great grief, your new sorrow; and our prayer is that God may comfort your hearts with the special manifestation of *His* presence who

"Can clear the darkest sky,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight."

For "in His presence is fulness of joy." And yet, *and yet*, the shadow of bereavement has fallen upon your pathway; and your hearts beat heavily with a new and great sorrow. You

"Miss *her* when the board is spread,
You miss *her* when the prayer is said,"

and "the places that knew your loved one know her now — no more!"

Oh! this is a bitter cup, indeed, for you all to drink; and it is hard to say,

"When your hearts with grief are heavy,
And your eyes with tears are dim,"

"Thy will, O God, be done."

And yet is it not just what your angel one would say if she could speak to you to-day?

At peace, at rest, at home, is she, safe and saved forever in the

"Beautiful Land, the Land of Light,
That lies just over the way,
Where the gloom of life,
With its grief and strife,
Fades out, in the golden day!"

And yet how you all miss the

"Touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still"!

Yes: even darling little "Baby Theoda," if she could speak, would ask for her whose name she bears, and to whom she was such a pride and joy! Blessings on her name and memory! Ah, well! You may find comfort for your stricken hearts in our dear "Elder Brother's" own words, "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." To him do we at the parsonage love to commend you, dear friends, each and every one, fervently praying that at this "evening time he may make it light" about you. Blessed be his name! "He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." May *he* teach you and teach us all the blessed lesson, *how the burden is made light;* namely, by "casting *all* our care on him who careth for us."

In deepest sympathy and Christian friendship believe us, *as we are*, most heartily yours, in sorrow as in joy, your *friends* at the "Old South Parsonage."

"There's music in a *mother's* voice,
More sweet than breezes sighing;
There's kindness in a *mother's* glance
Too pure for ever dying.

"There's love within a *mother's* heart,
So deep 'tis overflowing;
And care for those she calls her own,
That's ever, ever growing.

"There's pity in a *mother's* tear,
When farewell fondly taking,
That so the heart of sorrow moves
It scarcely keeps from breaking.

"And when a *mother* kneels to heaven,
And for her child is praying,
Oh, who can half the fervor tell
That burns in all she's saying?

"A *mother!* how her tender arts
Can soothe the breast of sadness!
And through the gloom of life once more
Bid shine the sun of gladness.

"*A mother, when like evening's star*
Her course has ceased before us,
From brighter worlds regards us still,
And watches fondly o'er us!"

BOSTON, September, 1888.

DR. J. F. BUSH:

Honored and dear Sir,— We have no words of our own in which to express our deep appreciation of your great loss and sorrow; and so I have borrowed the words of another (whose name is unknown to me), that you may see we realize in some humble measure how great is your grief at the loss of your beloved mother. You miss

"The touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still,"

and your own and your dear wife's heart now beat heavily with a new and great sorrow. Your dear father, too! Oh, how our hearts ache for him! We can only rejoice that you *all* know where your strength lies, and to "Him who comforteth the mourners" do we in prayer and faith commend your stricken household band. Praised be Heaven, "there *is* a balm in Gilead,— there *is* a Physician *there*"! May he verify his gracious promise, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted"!

If there is anything that we at the parsonage can do for you, *dear friends*, one and all, command our willing service, and believe us, as we are yours in grief as in gladness, in deepest sympathy and Christian friendship

Yours, all at the parsonage,

ANNIE L. ANGIER.

My dear Mr. Bush,— I have only just learned, in reading the *Register*, of the death of your wife, and I hasten to send you the assurance of my sympathy for you and yours, and my happy recollections of her. She was very kind to me in my early ministry, and I am sure that there are many who, like myself, will feel the world to be poorer because it has lost her. Yours sincerely,

W. H. LYON.

ROXBURY, Sept. 13, 1888.

33 STUDIO BUILDING, September 13.

Dear Friends,— I write in the name of us all to tell you how deeply we sympathize with you in your affliction, and how sincerely we mourn the loss of our much beloved Mrs. Bush.

We feel that the knowledge of her perfect Christian goodness, and the loveliness of her sweet, benevolent nature, must be a great consolation to you ; for she is now in that state of bliss we all hope to reach,— most enviable to us who for a short time longer must fight the hard battle of life !

May you find relief in the hope of a happy reunion in the land to which we are journeying !

With the assurance of our sincere attachment, and continued deep interest in whatever may befall you, I remain

Sincerely yours,

JESSIE NOA.

MEDFIELD, Nov. 14, 1888.

Dear Mr. Bush,— Mrs. Bush's loss is, as you must know, a dreadful thing to me; for, besides the charm that every

one felt in personal intercourse with her, we have so few to take an affectionate interest in us. But yet I cannot help feeling that it would be selfish to wish her to remain longer with us, to endure so much weakness and suffering. Her memory will be so vivid that we can never be utterly without her. Those of us who have a firm faith in the Christian religion can think of her now as a glad, free spirit still blessing and blest; and, even if she is gone into the great silence where we shall all follow her, according to the materialists, she certainly fulfilled all that this life was intended for. And through the gracious and inspiring influence she exerted through a long life the world will always be better and happier for her having lived. With love to Mrs. Dr.,

Yours truly,

M. B. Fowle.

Mention has several times been made of "Father Brookes," whose life was full of private and public benefactions. Mrs. Bush at the time of his death wrote: "The dear old man has at last gone to his home. Blessings he has scattered round his path, and blessings follow him. He has lived a true, pure, beautiful life, and its reward will never fail." The two following letters were received, one from his daughter and the other from his grand-daughter: —

Cooperstown, Sept. 17, 1888.

Dear Friend,— I cannot but feel sad to think that she is gone from our midst. She has been almost a life-long friend, and I have always loved her so much and regretted that we lived so far apart. I had hoped to have seen her many times; but it was our fate to be separated, and yet the same warm feeling existed, and she will ever live in my memory as one of the truest and most sympathetic of friends.

She was always an inspiration to me to strengthen the faith we loved so well and stimulate to greater activity. To my sister and myself she was the friend of our youth; and, while so many of our old friends are passing away, we feel almost like fir-trees standing in the path of life. But it is only a short time before we join her in the heavenly kingdom which was a bright reality to her.

May you find peace and comfort from the only source! My sister and daughter unite with me in best wishes and sympathy for you. Yours very sincerely,

M. WALLER.

COOPERSTOWN, Sept. 26, 1888.

Dear Mr. Bush,—My mother has already written you of her love and sympathy in your bereavement, but I cannot allow your dear wife to pass away without adding my few words. For she was among the oldest and dearest of my mother's friends, and so highly prized by me and all the family. It is hard to realize we may never have the pleasure of looking into her bright face again.

She is associated with some of the earliest and pleasantest recollections of my childhood, and her coming to our home was always anticipated with such pleasure. She was indeed a most welcome guest, whether with young or old. It has been such a great regret that later years, though they have not cooled our affectionate regard, have parted her so effectually from us all. Though I have heard frequently of her failing health, I have still clung to the thought that some time she might once more be one of our circle, and that we might be blessed, as all were in her presence, by her loving spirit and warm interest in all about her.

How she must have enjoyed her little namesake! I am so glad she had such pleasure! And your son and his wife must be full of gratification that their little one could be

such an important member of the family to her in her last moments.

But now she is gone from us all, and yet one cannot feel that her influence will cease with her breath. It must go on illuming many who were so fortunate as to come under its beneficent sway, as all the bright and good things go on in ever-widening circles of light and love; and her memory will not be the least of the treasures of those who were permitted to share in her visions of the perfect world which she has now entered in to enjoy.

Do give my warmest sympathy to Dr. Bush and his wife; and, with kind love for them and yourself, believe me ever

Yours most sincerely,

ANNA B. WALLER.

MONTREAL, Sept. 18, 1888.

Dear Mr. Bush,— Mrs. Cheney has kindly lent me your letter telling about dear Theoda, and I feel as if I must write a few words to say how truly we sympathize with you, and all of your family, in the great loss that has come to you.

To the loved one it is great gain, for she has been an invalid for a long time; and the higher world was so full of brightness to her that we feel that she is now realizing all she looked forward to.

I know how you will miss her. She filled a large place in the home. Love and devotion kept her with you all a long time, and I know it was hard to give her up; but every thought connected with her will help to sustain you.

Any words of mine seem so cold, for I cannot write as Theoda did; but you will, I am sure, understand how deeply we sympathize with you.

Please give my love and sympathy to Foster and his wife. That dear baby will be a sunbeam in the lonely home, claiming, as she will, love and devotion from you all.

When you were with us, I did not realize that Theoda was to be taken from us so soon, though she seemed very feeble.

How just that notice of her in the *Christian Register* is! It was written by one who knew her well.

Yours truly,

LOUISA G. F. MOLSON.

WELLESLEY HILLS, Sept. 19, 1888.

Dear Brother Bush,— I know well how little there would be in any word of mine to make the sorrow less or the measure of comfort more than it is. And yet my love and esteem for you place me among the many friends who are offering you their sympathy out of a sincere heart.

I feel very grateful for my privilege in knowing Mrs. Bush. To have had her greeting and enjoyed her cordial hospitality, and felt the earnestness of her cheery spirit in conversation, was a privilege indeed. I think I realize in a measure the change that comes to your lot in the time of parting with her, and I pray the Comforter to come to you.

Affectionately,

A. B. VORSE.

TAUNTON, Sept. 21, 1888.

Dear Mr. Bush,— I wish I could see and talk with you all instead of writing to express my deep and heartfelt sympathy in your loss. I was very fond of dear Cousin Theoda, and feel now that one more beloved one has joined those above who have, as she, left a void in our lives that never can be filled. Though I seldom saw dear Theoda, I felt she was near; and, though we could not often meet, she was often in my mind, particularly in her days of sickness. Her memory is very beautiful; that is, we only think of her as full of sympathy for others, full of sunshine, and bearing with wonderful patience her many severe illnesses. I know that for her sake and by her example you and yours will be resigned

and grateful that one so precious to you was spared so long to brighten and cheer your life and her home. Your sweet baby grandchild, I am glad to hear, is such a bright little spirit. What a comfort she and dear Ella must now be to you all! Please give my warm love and sympathy to Foster and his wife, and believe me yours in true sympathy,

C. P. LOTHROP.

FAYAL, Oct. 28, 1888.

Dear Cousin Josie,— I must send you a few lines by the steamer that sails this evening to say to you and Foster how my sympathies have gone out to you in the trial you have been called upon to bear this last summer, watching over your dear mother's last days and ministering to her last wants, and having to resign all hope of her recovery at last. When I heard how feeble she was in the beginning of the summer, I thought under your loving care she might regain her usual strength, as has so often been the case before; but the gentle, loving spirit has passed on to the heavenly home for which she was so ready. Her memory, so bright and beautiful, remains with us all; and we can think of her only as a pure spirit, whose influence will long be felt. She had such a loving heart, she seemed to carry sunshine with her; and, although it is several years since I saw her last, I can still feel the warmth of her welcome and recall the loving words. Such memories are very beautiful. We can but feel rejoicing for one who has long suffered that the new life has begun, and the cares and sufferings of this earthly life have been cast aside. Sarah wrote me of being with you all when the last service was performed for your mother, and I read the notice of her that was published in the *Christian Register*. Your children were a great joy and comfort to her; and now you have the dear name continued in your baby daughter. May your dear ones live to be as great comforts to you both as you have been to the dear one who has gone!

Will you offer our sincere sympathy to your father? Sam joins me in this, and desires to be affectionately remembered to you both. Believe me

Your affectionate cousin,
HARRIET W. DABNEY.

BRADFORD SPRINGS HOTEL, EAST WASHINGTON, N.H.,
Sept. 30, 1888.

Dear Solon,— And so the angel of separation has come to your home, and the presence of our dear Theoda passed out of our sight at his bidding. And you,— do you feel as the spirit of a beautiful epitaph that I yesterday found in the churchyard here says, that she is "not dead, not sleeping, not gone, but present still"? This is the feeling which, if I mistake not, had her full sympathy. At least it used to, and I suppose did till the last. Her going was an utter surprise to me. I had no idea that she was even ill. When I last saw her, not very long ago, she told me how she had been gaining in strength and was looking forward hopefully to something like restored health. And it was not to be in this world. Who of us thought she would so soon follow our dear Hannah? Perhaps you did, seeing more clearly than others how delicate she was. I certainly did not. In her going, one more of the visible links between me and beautiful and dear ones of days long gone by has been withdrawn into the invisible realm. And for you,— well "the heart knowth its own" pain and what it means to face the change that has come. One thing I feel assured of,— that in the quiet of a trust that all is ordered well you meet the new experience, and can say,—

"All is of God, who wisely heeds
To give as to withhold;
He knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told."

None the less will you prize any word of sympathy and affection that this hour brings. Accept it warmly and tenderly from me. How sorry I was not to be with you in the closing moments at Needham! But at that very time I was doing the last earthly services for a dear old parishioner in Milton. Give my kind greetings and warm sympathy to your son and his wife, and hold me

Yours heartily,

FREDERICK FROTHINGHAM.

ASTLEY BRIDGE, BOLTON, ENGLAND, Oct. 6, 1888.

Dear Mr. Bush,— We are deeply grieved to receive the sad news of dear Mrs. Bush's death, so unexpected, too, that we can hardly realize it. I need not tell you that we feel keenly for you and your family in this sorrow; for we know how bright and lovely she was in her home, making every one happy about her. She will indeed be greatly missed. I have loved and admired her beautiful character as long as I can remember, and feel now that a true friend has passed away: the hope of a reunion is the only consolation we have. Knowing how firmly she believed in that spiritual life makes one feel that she still watches over those she loved here. The new baby was a great joy to her, I know. I trust the dear little one may inherit many of the lovely qualities of her grandmother. She and Ella will be a comfort and pleasure to you. Children brighten the home so much.

My brother wishes to be most kindly remembered to you and yours: he has never forgotten the pleasant visit he had in your home. We read with much interest the beautiful tribute paid to Mrs. Bush in the *Christian Register*. I lent it to Mrs. Hollins to read. She, and other friends, express their sympathy for you.

We hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in this country again. When you do come, you must bear in mind that you will always receive a warm welcome from us. Your visit

here with dear Mrs. Bush has always been remembered with pleasure. With kind regards to Doctor and Mrs. Bush, believe me Sincerely yours,

JANE INGLIS.

"HEDGECOTE," GLEN ROAD, JAMAICA PLAIN,
Christmas Day, 1889.

My dear Mr. Bush,— This morning is as gentle and bright as the spirit of her who is so sweetly associated with all festal days. The dew twinkles on the green grass; it is like spring. In the woods opposite my window where I am writing is a tall pine. The other trees around it are bare. At its foot is a young oak which has not cast its leaves, but they are brown and sere. The pine stands out so fresh and bright! It is like the memory of some of the departed. It somehow stands this morning, at least, as the symbol of my dear friend, to whom my thoughts so longingly revert. No one that I ever knew is so graciously living (though we must perforce use the cold, cruel metaphor, "She is no more"). Of no one that I ever knew could those beautiful lines of Matthew Arnold be more truly said: —

"O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

"Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the spirit to whom thou dost live,—
Prompt, unwearied as here!"

Only the word "far" does not apply! There can be no "far" for such a soul, any more than there can for God himself.

I wish I might fitly express the thoughts that arise in my heart as the memory of Mrs. Bush takes possession of me. It could not be otherwise than in music or a more perfect verse than I am able to conceive. To me she was the very personification of all kindliness, sweetness, gentleness. I dislike the word "ethereal"; and yet her spirit so dominated her form that it seemed to shine through and radiate from her. She lived in a halo. Her smile was a benediction, and her voice had the divine sweetness that made it chord with her perpetual thoughts of kindness and love. I shall never forget that love-light that beamed from her dear eyes. Everything associated with her has a quality of light. It is impossible to think of her saying or thinking an ungenerous thought. She could never have had an enemy.

To have had such a woman for a friend is a memory to be prized as a precious jewel. I loved Mrs. Bush, and it is a great privilege to tell you so.

Most cordially yours,

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

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[Bush, Solon Wanton] 1819–1898.

Memorial sketch of Theoda Davis Foster Bush, by h
husband, with an introduction by Rev. Edward E. Ha
D. D. Boston, Press of G. H. Ellis, 1890.

1 p. l., 186 p. 20½ᶜᵐ.

1. Bush, Mrs. Theoda Davis (Foster) 1811–1888. 2. Title.

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